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Government From the Backwoods

THE House of Lords may have delayed the abolition of hanging; but it has hastened its own abolition. From the hills and forests of darkest Britain they came: the halt, the lame, the deaf, the obscure, the senile and the forgotten—the hereditary peers of England united in their determination to use their medieval powers to retain a medieval institution. Lord Salisbury desperately tried to invest this grotesque gathering with some semblance of respectability by proclaiming that it was the Lords' duty to resist any Commons measure "which had not been placed before the electorate." The transparent dishonesty of this argument (which implies the unconstitutional doctrine that M.P.s are delegates) is revealed as soon as we recall, for example, the Lords' record on the Television Act, on which the electorate had never been consulted, and which had been pushed through by the Tory advertising lobby. Did the Lords reject that? And will they reject the rent de-restriction bill, which formed no part of the Tory electoral programme, and to which the vast majority of British voters are certainly opposed? Of course not. Lord Salisbury's constitutional "doctrine" applies only to bills which the Tory Party dislikes. His apologetics are mere camouflage for his determination to maintain the Lords as an instrument of Tory power.

The Parliament Act was specifically designed to circumvent such political tactics. Will the government now allow it to take its course? They are faced with two clear alternatives. The first is to permit Mr. Silverman to reintroduce his bill, after the constitutional interval has lapsed, to give it all facilities, as before, to allow a free vote, and, in the meantime, suspend executions. This is the logical and honest course, the constitutional course and—in the long run—the safest course. But will the Government have the political courage to take it? As the Lords' debate showed, they will be under severe pressure from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice and many of their more influential supporters—not forgetting the hysterical screams of the Tory Women—to retain the rope.

This brings us to the second alternative: the introduction of government legislation which will amend the law of murder but retain hanging in certain cases. The technical difficulties in drawing up such a bill have already proved overwhelming; no one has yet shown how they can be overcome, and the attempt to overcome them merely lands those who make it in impossible contradictions and anomalies. Moreover, even if such a bill could be constructed, the Commons would not pass it on a free vote: the committee stage of the Silverman bill has shown that the determination of the Tory abolitionists is growing stronger, not weaker. The government might try to ensure its passage through the Commons by imposing the Whips. But, by doing so, they would risk Cabinet resignations, and even so it is doubtful if the Tory abolitionists would surrender. They would also be breaking their promise to decide the hanging issue by a free vote. They might even provoke a constitutional crisis: for, by forcing through legislation abhorrent to the expressed wishes of the Commons, they would, in effect, make the Lords the final arbiters of parliamentary legislation.

The dilemma which faces the government is itself evidence that the time has come to abolish the legislative powers of the Lords. For some time Lord Salisbury has been agitating for a reform of its composition. The real purpose of this often-attempted manoeuvre is, of course, to create a House of Lords whose veto would command authority. If the backwoods peers were replaced by elder statesmen this bill, for instance, would probably still have been defeated. But it would have been far more difficult for the Commons to repudiate its veto. Until the Lords has been stripped of its legislative functions and reduced—at most—to the status of a purely advisory chamber, the Labour Party cannot even consider changing its composition. When Lord Salisbury led his heraldic legions into the "No" lobby the issue he raised was not the reform of the House of Lords but its very existence.

Comments on the Week's News

Ike Hears the Call

Does President Eisenhower believe the doctors who tell him that a major abdominal operation has been positively good for his health? He has not this time taken a press conference into his confidence. It seems more likely that he has been persuaded that he should sacrifice himself for the good of the nation—and of the Republican party. It is positively nauseating to see this honest and clearly unfit man being driven into a strenuous electoral campaign—and probably into a second term of an office, which, even as a part-timer, before his dangerous illness and his operation, he found physically exhausting. For this the President is responsible only in so far as he has allowed himself to be persuaded: it is the shameless and partisan pressure of the Republican doctors, party managers and press that is really offensive. Yet the American voters, to judge by the opinion polls, seem disposed to swallow the Orwellian doubletalk, the pretence that sickness is health. This reaction is a triumph for the political witch-doctors who have obscured the issue. They have tried to present the election as if it will be a contest about the credibility of the medical evidence. It is nothing of the sort, as Mr. Truman sharply remarked on his return to New York; the question is whether the President should be re-elected—even if he were a younger or more healthy man. The prospect that he may die in office and that Mr. Nixon may succeed him is, or should be, a secondary consideration which should only influence those who would vote for Eisenhower personally and not the Republican ticket.

The Churches in Kenya

The news that the Christian Council of Kenya wants a parliamentary delegation to go out there in order to "remove the uneasiness felt by many regarding conditions in Kenya" is one of the most significant developments yet in the controversy about the colony. The missionaries there have never been afraid to speak out; in fact the Church Missionary Society got into trouble 18 months ago for circulating a leaflet in this country denouncing the "government's Mau Mau" (as Africans were describing the Security Forces) and protesting against the treatment of Colonel Young. The leaflet had a considerable influence on M.P.s, and the Governor lost no time in securing something very like a repudiation of it from the Bishop of Mombasa, Bishop Beecher. In the same way the Colonial Secretary made play in the House recently with a supposed repudiation of Miss Eileen Fletcher's charges by Mr. S. A. Morrison, secretary of the Christian Council in Nairobi. Yet here are the churches, headed by Bishop Beecher himself, admitting that many things have been wrong; that, although there has been an improvement, progress has been slow; and that "the government has not always agreed to our suggestions to the degree we would have wished." It seemed likely that members of the Council, like the Rev. David Steel of the Church of Scotland (whose sermons 18 months ago did so much to get the worst abuses checked), resented the whitewashing that has been going on and refused to be associated with it. Now it is reported that a crisis in the Council was precipitated by Mr. Wellwood's recent attack on Colonel Young as an irresponsible policeman who had stabbed Kenya in the back. As Mr. Wellwood is a Minister in the Kenya government, Mr. Steel led an angry deputation to the Governor to ask whether this represented the official view and if not, whether this time Mr. Wellwood would be repudiated. He got an evasive reply; hence the demand by the Christian Council for an all-party inquiry. No doubt Bishop Beecher felt that this was the only way to prevent an open split among the churches in the colony.

Commonwealth Clichés

The Commonwealth Conference has had a bad press—which was only to be expected in view of the deep secrecy in which the talks were held and the superlative clichés with which the final communiqué was festooned. The emptiness was, of course, mainly due to the fact that the prime ministers, as expected, could accomplish very little. True, an amicable settlement was reached over the Ceylon bases, in which both sides acted with gratifying restraint; but this was accomplished by a small working party acting outside the frame of reference of the conference. The question of the three South African Protectorates (on which Britain, we are glad to note, appears to be taking a firm line) also seems to have been dealt with outside the conference proper; it is not mentioned in the communiqué. The decision to admit Lord Malvern and his successors to the conference on a permanent basis cannot be regarded as of crucial importance, though it may cause some offence in, for example, the Gold Coast; and the reference to supplies of capital from Britain for Commonwealth development means nothing until it is spelt out in more specific terms. Really contentious issues, such as Kashmir, were not openly discussed because India objected; and, despite all the constitutional theorising which preceded the conference, no progress was made on drawing up a charter of membership which would deal with such thorny problems as racial equality. The conference cannot even be credited with the purely negative virtue that it did no harm: the statement, in the communiqué, that the prime ministers "welcomed the unceasing efforts of the United Kingdom" to solve the Cyprus problem reads strangely in the light of current developments, and will be unfavourably received abroad. It is difficult to understand how the Asian members of the conference could have brought themselves to sign such a statement.

Towards Ghana

The Gold Coast elections have begun this week and will be concluded on July 17. The reason for them being held two years before the Assembly's term expires is the deep division which has developed in the Gold Coast as it approaches independence. Superficially, the conflict is whether there shall be a unitary or a federal constitution in the new independent state. In fact, this only covers the underlying struggle for power. A unitary constitution inevitably favours Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party, with its mass membership and modern policy. The federal structure would enable the traditional authorities, who are mainly supporting the National Liberation Movement and its allies, to retain a considerable proportion of their power. The true electoral choice is, therefore, between a modern state, based upon economic and social development and popular participation, with at least a potentially democratic structure; and the maintenance of tribal traditionalism, with the probable consequence of delaying independence. Probably, the C.P.P. will win the election, but with a reduced majority. The danger is that the majority will be gained entirely in the Colony, leaving the bulk of seats in Ashanti and the North to the opposition. Such a decision is unlikely to be accepted by the opposition as a mandate for Nkrumah's constitutional proposals. But Britain is pledged to name the date of independence provided a government with a reasonable majority asks for it. Meanwhile, the disclosures made in the inquiry into the affairs of the Cocoa Purchasing Company have shaken the reputations of many C.P.P. leaders. At the same time the myth of Nkrumah's infallibility is declining. This presents him and his party with an opportunity to stimulate genuine democratic participation in the party and in the country. The personal myth was important in the revolutionary era. Nkrumah is now challenged to show his stature in recognising the importance of cleaning out corruption and, at the same time, developing an honest democratic spirit on which to establish the new Ghana state.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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B.M.C. Invites a Showdown

The British Motor Corporation first failed to consult the unions before dismissing 6,000 out of its 50,000 workers, and then failed to respond to the trade unions' overtures for a meeting to discuss the question. It thus left the union representatives who met on Monday no real choice between recommending strike action and surrendering on the vital issue of prior consultation. The joint meeting had no authority to call a strike: that is a matter for each of the union executives affected. There seems, however, little doubt that the executives will endorse the recommendation, and that a strike will follow unless the government quickly intervenes. This it is likely to do; for the Ministry of Labour recognises that the B.M.C.'s method of procedure is indefensible as running counter to the general principle of prior consultation, to which the government is pledged. Whether government intervention will lead to a settlement appears to depend on the attitude now taken by the B.M.C. The union leaders clearly do not want to be forced to call a strike in a falling market; but if the B.M.C. maintains its intransigent attitude what else are they to do? Their members will clearly not allow them tamely to accept defeat on a matter so vital to trade union interests and prestige; for to surrender on this occasion would be to ask for similar brusque treatment elsewhere. Nor will it be enough for the B.M.C. merely to agree to consultation after the event. There will have to be some settlement on the question of proper compensation for "severance," and probably some compromise on part-time working as an alternative to dismissals, if a strike is to be avoided. The unions should prepare a general policy for dealing with issues of this kind; and the employers must recognise that today they cannot turn workers off without adequate notice or compensation, or without any attempt to reach prior agreement on the best way of handling dismissals that are unavoidable.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Aden

Gathering Clouds

A Correspondent writes: Lord Lloyd's recent announcement to the colony of future policy reassured no one. He spoke of "the possibility of a considerable degree of self-government," but he made no specific promises or suggestions as to how this might be realised. He refused even to see the leaders of the political parties on the fragile excuse that they had not received him politely at the airport (in fact he was not involved in the incident at the airport). This attitude has depressed everybody—including the Europeans. The business men who have invested heavily in the colony realise that our best hope is to encourage moderates like the members of the Aden Association. It is true that they, the most moderate of the three political parties, are probably unrealistic in their demands. They insist on a majority of elected members in the legislative assembly, and also ministerial posts for Arabs. Most people doubt whether there are enough educated Arabs to make this possible. But some sort of encouragement for these moderates would be welcome. At the moment they are fast being driven into the arms of the Sons of the South, who do not disguise their desire for the immediate expulsion of the British, the nationalisation of foreign capital and a complete union with the rest of Arabia.

Lord Lloyd's tour of the Protectorate was unfortunately no more of a success. He listened politely to the suggestions of the various Emirs and Sultans we subsidise, and then revealed that he had no brief to act. Yet the situation continues to deteriorate. In the Western Protectorate we withdraw each month from another fort, and with our narrowing circle of influence our prestige sinks throughout the area. The desertions from the Aden Levies continue steadily. In May there was a near mutiny in the Hadhrami Bedouin Legion which patrols the East. It is not yet known how successfully it has been suppressed, but rumours that the officers themselves, who are Jordanians seconded from the Arab Legion, were involved in the affair are disturbing. Even the trend of the border incidents is not reassuring. Till recently there were two distribution centres for arms in the Yemen, and one, Nijeran, in Saudi-Arabia. Dissidents came over the borders and collected rifles. Now some of the 114 tribesmen recently caught returning from Nijeran have revealed that it has been closed down. It was known that the Saudi-Arabians preferred that dissidents should make the journey there rather than to the more accessible centres in the Yemen. Now, with the improvement of diplomatic relations between the Yemen and Saudi-Arabia, they are probably sending all the arms to the Yemen to be distributed. Since the Jeddah Pact, in fact, the Yemen has become increasingly dangerous. Before, we could rely on the despotism of the Imam as a deterrent to dissidents. Now that there is harmony between the Yemen and Egypt and even, as some influential Yemenis claim, strong possibility of federation, they will think differently. The Sherif of Beihan, one of our firmest supporters and the Yemen's most bitter enemy, is said to have told Lord Lloyd that unless our policy became more forthright he might make up his quarrel with the Imam.

All this just when there is likelihood of oil being found at Thamud near the Saudi-Arabian border. The British advisers to the native rulers are as disturbed as anyone. They feel the position is becoming impossible. But they have no doubts as to what should be done. For a start they say that the £1,000,000 subsidy should be increased so that the rulers could develop their resources and build more schools, not merely pay for their tribal armies. The cotton scheme at Abiyan has shown development is possible. Further schemes of this sort might make us some friends for the future. And they say that most of the dissidents who are sniping at us in places like the Aulaqui country (once a "pacified area") would stop if there were more opportunities in agriculture. The rest could be bought off at a very small cost: they reckon £5 a month would keep a Skeikh of 200 tribesmen out of mischief—half of what a houseboy gets.

Rome

War on the Land

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Two weeks ago a vast agricultural strike began in the Po Valley. Before the Italian government and the landowners' organisation—the "Confagricoltura"—agreed to negotiate, the strike had turned into a national stoppage. The harvest was rotting under the July sun, much milk was lost, and, in places, up to 40 per cent. of the rice. The strikers aimed at bettering living conditions and giving more social guarantees to the agricultural workers. It was supported by all three trade unions, CGIL, UIL, and CISL (i.e., by Communists and Nenni Socialists, Social-Democrats and Christian Democrats). Initiative in the first place came from the extreme left, and the attitude of the landowners being what it is, the Christian trade union could not risk standing by. The unitarian nature of the agitation is considered a significant victory by the left.

The strike was a first test of force, after a period of calm on the land, between the trade unions and the landowners. The latter have recently been attempting to achieve the former Fascist objective of destroying the agricultural trade unions. In the Po Valley, they tried to revoke those minimum social acquisitions which the peasants have obtained since the war: above all, work contracts and guarantees; and they recently refused to discuss the question of medical assistance and pensions. Fundamental principles were thus involved in the strike. Luciano Romagnoli, Communist leader of the "Federbraccianti," the left-wing landworkers' trade union, threatened the landowners that, if they did not come to terms, the peasant masses would soon ask for much more than a meagre raise of salary. They would embark, said Romagnoli, on the fundamental question: the conquest of the land. Already in his report to the congress of the Federbraccianti in January, Romagnoli had announced an imminent accentuation of the land struggle, denouncing at the same time the increasing dependence of Italian agriculture on the capital of the monopolies. He gave the example of the Federconsorzi, the organisation through which, by agreement with the government, Fiat monopolise the sale of machinery to the peasants. Romagnoli said that if certain Catholic leaders emerged "who would not betray the cause of the peasants," Italy and the landowners could be spared "much struggle and sacrifice." The left still believed, he said, that the objective, particularly in the South, had to be individual possession of the land; but in the Po Valley, where "modern, capitalistic farms existed," it had to consider the question of the collective ownership of the land, in co-operative form.

The strike on the land comes at a moment of crisis in Italian agriculture. This has been the ostensible motive for the landowners' anti-social campaign, with repeated pleas from Dr. Gaetani, President of the Confagricoltura, that the government should intervene. The Confagricoltura's objective is to obtain government support for a high price policy, reduction of the landowners' responsibilities towards the peasants, reduction of work contracts, and the diminishing of cultivated areas to avoid surpluses.

The constitution of the Italian Republic guarantees a "general land reform." The landworkers are now mobilised with this in view. If negotiations between the trade unions, and the Confagricoltura break down, the struggle will assume extremist forms: the peasants will occupy the land in places, and proceed to reap the harvest by themselves.

NEXT WEEK

A Special Supplement

JOHN FREEMAN

who has just completed a 5-week journey through Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia as special correspondent for this journal, contributes

A Profile of People's Democracy

—an analysis of the current political situation in these countries

Washington

Air Power

Our Correspondent in Washington writes: The Senate investigation of the Eisenhower administration's air power programme has ended amidst completely conflicting testimony and no small measure of personal acrimony. The relative air strengths of the United States and the Soviet Union and the budgetary needs of the U.S. Air Force are the points at issue. The aviation lobby has built up the horrendous picture of superior Russian air power, particularly of inter-continental bombers, and has managed to get Congress to appropriate for the construction of additional B-52s $900 million more than was requested by the administration. Secretary of Defence Wilson has gone before the Symington sub-committee and asserted that he does not intend to spend that extra money, since his department's original request for funds is sufficient to supply adequate air defence and striking power. The aviation issue has thus now become a constitutional problem, with the administration asserting its right to reject Congressional advice and funds it does not approve, and senators insisting that the executive is obliged by the constitution to carry out the intent and wishes of the Congress. However, the Constitution is not very clear on the point. In practice, the administration cannot be forced to carry out a policy which it does not endorse, but it may feel that some accommodation to Congressional wishes is desirable.

While the Symington sub-committee and Mr. Wilson have been conducting their duel under the glare of publicity, officers of the Air Force and the Army have been conducting a running battle behind the scenes over the allocation of funds and military missions, and this fight has been carried privately to influential members of Congress and to the press. There is no doubt

that some of this squabbling in an election year is politically inspired. But there is also a fundamental cleavage, partly military, and partly philosophical, about how to conduct external relations. The Symington-Jackson group is convinced that Soviet conciliation and general prosperity in the U.S. are blinding the administration to the rise in Soviet technical proficiency, Communist economic expansion overseas, and the relative decline in the strength of the Nato powers. In a somewhat curious fashion, they conclude that the best American answer would be the maintenance of superior atomic-air power; only in this way, they feel, can America's influence in world affairs be maximised. In replying to this thesis, the administration is confronted with a dilemma. On the one hand, it feels constrained to assert that it is maintaining the capacity to strike a paralysing retaliatory blow; on the other hand, it must counter the argument that it is stressing air-atomic power to such an extent that it could not fight a limited war without using atomic weapons and encouraging the all-out atomic war which it claims its whole policy is designed to prevent.

Moscow

Facts and Figures

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: It is still impossible to obtain a map of Moscow—not even one of the famous Metro—but Intourist guides are bandying population figures in a way that would not have been conceivable a year or two ago. Now the *Statistical Handbook*, which last appeared in 1939, has resumed publication. For once, too, the data provided on the national economy does not bear the stamp of having been selected to illustrate a theme of prosperity.

Forty-three years of Russian economic history are covered by this book and even across these dry figures the shadows of wars, revolution and back-breaking programmes of industrialisation and collectivisation lie darkly: in three of the republics occupied by the Germans in the last war (the Ukraine, Byelorussia and Lithuania) the population in 1956 is less than it was in 1940.

In the absence of more detailed vital statistics, one notes that the present population of the U.S.S.R. is 200 million and that the present level of absolute annual increase (172 per 10,000—a little higher than the 1913 figure) is due to a reduction in the death rate (302 in 1913, 203 in 1926, about 90 at present). The birth rate, in fact, has fallen from 470 per 10,000, in 1913, to its present level of about 250.

The demographic changes during the period are well recorded. We learn that 43 per cent. of the 200 million people of the U.S.S.R. live in urban or semi-urban conditions, compared to 18 per cent. of the 1926 population, and that the peasantry which made up over three-quarters of the population in 1926 is now a minority. During the same period the number of towns has doubled and the urban population more than trebled to reach 86 millions.

If the data on urban population is correlated with the figures provided on the housing situation one discovers that the average Soviet citizen in 1955 had less "living-space" (7.3 square metres) than his counterpart in 1913 (8.2 square metres). And this despite a 6 per cent. improvement in the situation since 1940. One interesting fact is that about one-third of all urban housing continues to be privately owned. Another is that at least one-half of the country's productive cattle is in private hands.

One could easily paint a black picture of the U.S.S.R. consumer goods situation from this data. Between 1928 and 1955 the output of steel and coal increased tenfold, but the output of cotton textiles increased from about 15 metres per head in 1913 to 30 metres in 1955, the increase in wool being somewhat less. On the other hand, the targets for consumer goods production for 1960 indicate that the national economy is now in a position to plan for a much more rapid increase in consumer goods production. Thus the output of leather footwear (274 million pairs in 1955) is planned to rise to 455 million in 1960, of radio and television sets from 4 million to 10 million, and of refrigerators from 150,000 to 635,000.

Stockholm

Off the Waggon

A Correspondent in Stockholm writes: Since the October revolution which freed spirits from its shackles, the consumption in Sweden of all forms of strong drink has been steadily increasing. Recent estimates show that there has been a national increase in consumption of 35 per cent. in the last nine months. In the cities the increase has been even greater, and in Stockholm it is calculated at 200 per cent.

Statistics and drink do not mix well. Apologists in Sweden point out that the heavy wine consumption in France conceals an alcohol intake which would give the French a yearly *per capita* consumption of about 18 litres if *vin rouge* were to be listed under the strong drink heading. In Britain we only drink 1.02 litres of strong drink comparable to spirits. Such small figures do not, however, make us abstainers and the current Swedish figures—7 litres of spirits per head per year—do not necessarily mean that Swedes are alcoholics. No one will deny that there is a great deal more alcohol being consumed, but it would be hard to prove that the country was drinking itself to death.

In the days of the *mocbok*, presented with mock ceremony on the 21st birthday, very few women drank at all. Some, in a mood of self-sacrifice, gave up their ration to their needy menfolk and others preferred to avoid the embarrassment of wrangling over decilitres in public places. If they can bear to enter the dehumanised liquor stores, with their stainless steel counters and bottles labelled by number, they can now buy as much as they want and can cover their secret passion for drink with the pretence that they are shopping for the family. Another group, which has joined the constant drinkers, is young people under 21 who would have been prevented from acquiring strong drink before last October. It is in this group that drink consumption has probably increased most, and it is this which most perturbs social workers and supporters of greater tolerance towards drinkers.

It is a fact that there has been an alarming rise in consumption. The Maria police station in Stockholm appealed last week for more cells in order to house the district's drunks. In 1955 the monthly total of drunks at Maria was only 60. It is now 200. The figures look very bad, but they should not be interpreted without an understanding of the social context in which a Swede gets drunk. On most occasions he gets drunk by himself. The British group pub crawl, which looks after itself and carries home the fallen friend, is unknown in Sweden. If a Swede gets drunk he walks out of a restaurant or Mat Öl establishment alone. If he falls over, nobody goes to his assistance; if he attempts to speak to a stranger in the street he is brusquely bypassed. After a few staggering streets he meets a policeman who, anxious to keep up the record of drunks, takes him in tow.

It is not unnatural that in the present mood of Anglophilia the Swedes have been turning towards Britain for the social solution to their alcoholic problem. Stockholm's *Tidningen* recently suggested some form of controlled hours and pointed out rather obviously that spirits and work do not mix. The newspaper drew attention to the fact that it was possible to drink strong beer at 8 a.m. and suggested that the hours of the state liquor shops should be put back. *Dagens Nyheter*, after studying the recent figures, suggested that the public should be more tolerant in their attitude towards drunks; the paper had previously considered the re-modelling of the police force on friendlier lines.

Westminster

Salisbury on the Trap

The Lord Chancellor sat on the Woolsack, his deeply tanned face standing out from his white wig like a thundercloud in the summer sky. Strange faces stared from strange high collars on the government benches, ears nestling into the single headphones which, in the House of Lords, are standard equipment. Tall messengers glided about the floor of the Chamber, attending members to their places or carrying notes, with assured grace. The brass rails round the Throne glittered in the afternoon sunlight and, outside in a courtyard, somebody dropped a milk bottle. Their Lordships were now ready to put paid to that fellow Silverman.

But first there was to be a formality, the formality of a two-day Second Reading debate on the Death Penalty (Abolition) bill; and there was Lord Templewood softly opening the debate, as fresh of face and as prim of mouth as he used to be twenty years ago when he skated at St. Moritz or on the government Front Bench. But it was not at him I looked. Farther along the Bench and above the gangway in front of the Despatch Box, sat the spectacled Lord Salisbury, silver-topped pencil in hand, a sheaf of note paper on knee. He looked stouter but no less erect than when twenty years ago he had clashed with Lord Templewood over foreign affairs. Today he was to clash with Lord Templewood again, over home affairs. He sat immobile, listening not to words, for by now he must have known all the arguments, but to the undertones of a House which he has come to dominate. The main interest of the debate centred on this one man.

It is known that the preservation of the House of Lords is the subject closest to Lord Salisbury's heart. To preserve it, he wants to reform it; but it is not possible to reform it without the consent of the Labour Party. This fact was now bringing Lord Salisbury as close to embarrassment as he can get. For if their Lordships rejected the Silverman Bill out of hand, they would face a direct clash with the Commons and that would drive beyond possibility any remaining hopes of winning Labour's consent for reform. Probably, therefore, he would have liked to see the bill given a Second Reading and returned to the Commons after severe amendment in committee. In ordinary circumstances he could have induced the Lords to follow this course; for his influence, exercised not through Whips but by the leadership of personality, is outstanding. But these were not ordinary circumstances. Today the Chamber was filling with men who knew not Salisbury, or at least not this Salisbury, and two days is little time even for this Salisbury to

reshape mental moulds which had stood for a lifetime. So he sat, for two long days, listening to the undertones. Should he risk serious cleavage in the ranks behind him, risk cracking his personal position against the granite-like stubbornness of old England or should he lead from behind? The silver-topped pencil flashed perfunctorily across his pad, but his Lordship was intent on other notes, the notes of approval or disapproval which grunted behind him.

While the known protagonists on either side were speaking those notes had the expected sound. There was disapproval for Lord Stansgate, for that fellow, besides being an abolitionist, was so obviously tarred with the House of Commons. There was deep approval for judges like the parchment-faced Lord Goddard, whose retentionist speech was the more compelling for being quietly delivered. There was especial approval for Lord Oaksey who announced that he ignored all the statistics on the subject. A judge who ignores the evidence is assured of a warm welcome among backwoodsmen. But what really mattered to Lord Salisbury was the reaction to speakers who took a middle road. One of these was Lord Hore-Belisha; but, as a National Liberal, he is almost a professional kite-flier for Conservative governments and is therefore to some extent discounted. The Archbishop of Canterbury seemed likely to be a much better test, but unhappily His Grace flew so high with his kite that he seemed unlikely to come down again. As I understood him, he was opposed to the death penalty except for people who had committed murder. Eventually he came down so firmly on both sides that until the last seconds of the debate no one knew how he would vote or even if he would vote at all. As the other bishops, led by the Archbishop of York and by the Bishops of Manchester and Chichester, came out decisively in favour of the bill, with the exception of the Bishop of Rochester, who came out decisively against it, Salisbury was left without a sounding board on which the chances of compromise could be tested. But when, last but one of some seventy peers, he at last rose to speak, I still wondered what he would do.

The House was now packed. The overspill from the backwoods, putting comfort before prejudice, filled the vacant places on the Labour benches. Behind the Lord Chancellor and in front of the Throne, another crowd, of Peers, their eldest sons and Privy Councillors ebbed and flowed in the evening sunlight which filtered through the stained-glass windows or stopped for a moment to listen, for all the world like a Sunday evening crowd at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park. Outside in a courtyard somebody tripped over a piece of iron scaffolding and the final scene began.

It did not last long. The undertones, it seemed, had sounded a knell for compromise and Salisbury was therefore choosing discretion. If there had been a mandate for this bill, he said, he would have advised their Lordships to accept it. But there was no such mandate. He did not suggest how such a mandate could be secured, for even if Labour put abolition in its next election programme and won, their supporters would include many retentionists who had voted Labour just to get rid of Lord Salisbury's party. But he had to say something. It says much for him that despite the fact that his r's droop into w's and that he was trying to stand on ground which did not exist, he still managed to seem assured and commanding. The undertone of grunts from behind him, even if they sounded ominous for the future of the Lords, must at least have satisfied him that a Salisbury can still lead, even when he is running away.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Mr. Gaitskell's Testament?

LIBERTY, equality and fraternity were the three main principles of revolutionary democracy. Liberty, in the personal sense, was broadly established after the revolution had succeeded. But, because our bourgeois revolutionaries coalesced with the aristocracy, we moved far more slowly towards equality, and until we have created a Socialist society, we shall not fulfil the promise of fraternity. Equality, indeed, there is in some respects—formal equality before the law, equal access to water supplies and to public highways, more latterly equal access to a minimum standard of education and social insurance, equal liability for military service. And, in our social democracy, we have steadily extended the meaning of equality. But despite the removal of many of the grosser inequalities, our society is still ridden by very great differences in social class and status, in educational opportunity and the ownership of wealth. For this reason, Socialism is not only "about equality," as Mr. Gaitskell has often insisted: the drive towards equality is an essential part of Socialism.

The tendency towards inequality—as the latest of the Labour Party policy statements rightly argues—is inherent in a society such as our own, in which traditional social distinctions are married to a capitalist economic system. In Britain, as R. H. Tawney pointed out a generation ago, we have made "a religion of inequality." It is easy to do this, "since it demands no more than to float with the current." Equality, on the other hand, "is difficult, for it involves swimming against it." Reformers have always had to swim against the current, and they will continue to do so until the social system which creates inequality is changed.

The question for the Labour Party today is whether it is a Labourist or a Socialist party, whether it seeks to "contain" this trend "by deliberate and continuous state intervention," or whether it believes that inequality is "the product of identifiable social and economic forces which can be changed." There is a vital difference of principle between these two phrases—both of which are taken from the Labour Party document—and it is necessary to ask which of these two views prevails within the Labour Party. For the first perfectly expresses the view of the group known as "Socialist Union," whose opinions are generally shared by Mr. Gaitskell, while the second implies a social transformation more far-reaching than any programme yet put forward by Labour. It is no quibble to note this difference: it is a clash of assumptions. The social reformer accepts the causes of inequality and tries to mitigate them: the result is the mixed economy and the welfare state. The Socialist, however, supports the reforms, but insists that the objective is radically to alter the institutions and values of the society.

Since this document is a compromise between these two points of view, it blurs this distinction. But the matter really cannot be left at that. If

the measures outlined in this statement are taken literally, if they are energetically applied, then they would certainly carry Britain far beyond the welfare state and the mixed economy. And they could be applied, moreover, only after a far more bitter political struggle than any the Labour Party has waged since 1945. That is why we ask whether Mr. Gaitskell and his closest associates are in earnest about these proposals. Have they the intention and the political will-power to translate them into legislation, no matter how much opposition they evoke?

If they have, well and good. But they should realise that these proposals actually go far beyond the doctrine of "containment," and that they can be carried out only if a Labour government strikes at the roots of privilege and capitalist power. Is that what is really intended? The answer is crucial. For if it is not the intention, then this statement is a dangerous piece of window-dressing, which will lead to political disaster. Nothing could be worse than to announce such a sweeping policy—which will arouse rather than conciliate the middle-class—and then to lack the nerve to enforce it.

There is a second and related question here. It is no secret that Mr. Gaitskell regards this document as his political testament. He believes that "equality" is a better and more modern rallying-cry for Labour than, in his opinion, the rather discredited demand of the fundamentalists for "public ownership." Yet it is quite clear that the logic of this statement leads to a far wider measure of social ownership than anything yet proposed—and for two reasons. First, the suggestion that common shares be accepted for death duties will undoubtedly lead to the steady acquisition, by the state, of large shareholdings—enough, in many cases, to give it a controlling if not a majority interest in a wide range of companies. Mr. Gaitskell may believe that it can acquire ownership without becoming involved in actual control (a combination of Mr. Austen Albu's concept of public directors with the structure of Anglo-Iranian), but he cannot seriously envisage an economy in which the state owns a substantial part but leaves it to be operated on essentially the same lines as before. Secondly, as the measures designed to secure equality are pressed, the present type of mixed economy will probably become unworkable. Remove social and economic privilege, reduce the rewards for risk-bearing, deny capitalists the independence and power which is a function of their private ownership: the result is bound to be a crisis of confidence in which the choice lies between capitulation to the opposition or a fairly rapid replacement of private by public enterprise.

It is a pity, therefore, that this document has been separated from two others which are still in preparation—Public Ownership and Education. For until these are published it is impossible to decide whether the Labour Party seeks to mitigate inequality or abolish its causes. Most of the other proposals in this statement are sensible and desirable, but the extent of public ownership and the degree to which we create genuine equality of educational opportunity are the crux of the matter. Private ownership of capital—and all that follows from it—is the source of the main economic inequalities; and our present educational system, even though it has become rather more open, remains the buttress of our class structure. Attack these, and you inevitably are led to an all-out struggle against the defenders of inequality.

It is in this context that the other measures must be viewed. For it would be possible to apply a good many of them without making serious modifications in our social system. Certainly, there is a great difference between our attitude towards wage-earners and the treatment given to salaried groups. Workers are sacked with one week's pay. The salaried man gets a month or more. Few workers get paid when they are ill; only a minority get occupational pensions; most of them reach maximum responsibility and earnings very early in their working-life; and it is very rare for a worker to rise to any share at all in the management of the enterprise in which he works. State action could do something about this form of inequality without changing the system, just as by taxation policy and the social services it can redistribute income without substantially altering the sources of income. Similarly, more can be done to help large families, the aged and the poor.

When, however, this document moves away from such specific issues—all of which, incidentally, are extensions of policies already accepted in the welfare state—it is driven to recognise that to deal with concentrations of economic power, and with the ownership of wealth—half of us own little or nothing, while one per cent. of our population owns half the country's resources—something more than state regulation is needed. It argues that we have "to develop forms of public accountability, ownership and control." That is the issue that cannot be evaded. And while there is room for a good deal of argument about the forms that social ownership should take, and the speed at which it should be introduced, there cannot be any doubt that one's attitude towards social ownership is the acid test of one's intention to abolish rather than mitigate inequality. Equality, Mr. Gaitskell will find, is not a substitute for Socialism. It is a condition that only Socialism can create.

London Diary

Now that the railwaymen and the miners have decided to back Nye Bevan for the Treasurership, the contest looks like being very close. On the basis of union decisions to date, plus the modest assumption that Nye will get three-quarters of the constituency votes, I calculate that he has over 2 million votes so far, with George Brown only 250,000 in the lead. Pundits are saying that the distributive workers' 320,000 votes will be decisive. Usdaw voted for Gaitskell last year, but the union has always taken a left-wing line on issues like German rearmament. I am shocked by the *Daily Herald*'s suggestion that the whole business may be settled by a "deal" with the big unions: Usdaw will back Brown for Treasurer in exchange for getting its president, Walter Padley, on to the National Executive! Horse trading of this sort is certainly not unknown on these occasions. Everyone remembers how the woodworkers switched their decisive vote in favour of German rearmament two years ago when their nominee was elected to the National Executive. But that was in the days of Arthur Deakin: his successor, Frank Cousins, is a very different type of person and too big a man, I should have thought, for this kind of manœuvre. But there is another uncertain factor in the situation. If the A.E.U. executive had not jumped the gun by nominating Pannell for Treasurer, the union's 600,000 votes would certainly have gone to Nye. At its recent conference the national committee of the union endorsed the executive's right to nominate. But it also insisted that the union's votes at conference must be cast by the delegation, not the executive. And last year the delegation wanted to vote for Nye. So this year anything may yet happen.

Next Wednesday's meeting at Caxton Hall to launch the "Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers" should be an interesting affair. Benn Levy, whose letters in this journal last spring started the protest, will be in the chair. Aneurin Bevan, Will Griffiths, Joseph Grimond and J. B. Priestley, make a really impressive platform. The dismissal of Mr. Lang from the I.C.I. has vitalised the issue. I gather that the leaders of the campaign feel that regulations which may lead to security dismissals should not go undebated as they have been in the past, but should be approved by Parliament and known to everybody; that if people are dismissed for reasons of security, the Minister should not get away with a plea of "inefficiency"; that anyone who is under suspicion should be told of the charges against him (a demand that is being pressed in Washington as well as here); that the right of appeal now granted to civil servants (with legal or trade union representation) should be extended to people like Mr. Lang who work for private firms; and that the appeal should be heard by three High Court judges, who would be not only allowed but pledged to examine the security officers who had brought the charge, and to cross-examine their witnesses. There seems to be nothing revolutionary or dangerous in this last proposal, which is already in force in cases of treason charges, where, of course, proceedings are fully protected by the Official Secrets Act. If the judges are not satisfied about the evidence, their report should go through the Lord Chancellor to the Privy Council.

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An interesting conference took place last week at the School of Oriental Studies. It included about forty Western and a similar number of Asian historians. Perhaps the most important question before this novel company was what kind of history will replace the usual Europocentric treatment of Asia. Will the newly independent countries produce historians who write exclusively from the nationalist point of view? Obviously the Indians and Pakistanis will want to examine for themselves the record of such events as the Indian Mutiny. The danger is that we may be left with the absurd situation—similar to that which has done so much harm to Anglo-American relations—in which two completely different versions of past revolutionary events are taught in the schools of the imperialist and ex-colonial powers. There is a great opportunity of making a new co-operative—and universal—history, and I am glad to hear that there are to be fellowships for young Asian historians to study these new problems, the very existence of which would not have been understood in Europe before Asian liberation.

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The New Fabian Research Bureau has this week celebrated its 25th Anniversary. The founders, Professor and Mrs. G. D. H. Cole, were there to recall how it began in the deep depression of 1931 when the need for "new Socialist thinking" was at least as great as it is today. Many people now believe that what they like to call "Youth" (with a capital Y) is not nowadays interested in politics, least of all in Socialism. Recent Fabian experience does not confirm this. I'm told that, for a recent weekend school held solely for members under 30, the applications for tickets were far too numerous to meet and that discussions were as lively as in the early days of the Fabian Society itself.

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I saw no shadow of death over Dr. van Heuven Goedhart when a party of journalists lunched with him a few weeks ago. He had a brave and

impressive record during the war and he was still fighting bravely against inertia and callousness as U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. Prodigious efforts had failed to persuade bureaucrats or politicians to act decisively about the 70,000 refugees who are still in Austria, Greece and elsewhere. He was preparing us for a campaign to begin in the autumn to raise from private sources the necessary funds, and he emphasised that the majority of refugees were still young enough to be put on their feet and given a chance to earn their living. Some 15,000 of them were children and there are a similar number of the old and ill, mainly survivors from Hitler's concentration camps. But he made us all feel ashamed that the world could be indifferent to the waste and misery in which all these people are still allowed to live.

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I was riding northwards (a friend writes) in a No. 24 bus towards Hampstead Heath. At the stop in Charing Cross Road a number of passengers got in and one of them, an African girl, sat down immediately behind me and bought herself a 2½d. ticket. At Mornington Crescent, as she was still with us, the conductor came up and asked her where she wanted to go to as she was now well beyond her 2½d. stage. He looked absurdly young and spoke quietly and most politely. The girl, however, turned on him sharply, said she always paid only 2½d. and had no intention of paying any more. As she apparently had no intention of getting off either, the conductor persisted in asking where she was travelling to. To Hampstead Heath, she said abruptly. But from Charing Cross Road to Hampstead Heath costs 6d., the conductor said, as colourlessly as possible; "as you've already got a 2½d. ticket, you'll now have to take another ticket for 4d., because there isn't a 3½d. ticket." This, of course, provoked a new storm: "First you say 6d., now you say I am to pay 6½d. I can't understand your mathematics." So he explained it yet again, and in the end received his 4d. to the accompaniment of such remarks as: "I'm a university graduate and I don't need you to teach me mathematics. I say it's ridiculous."

After this exchange the bus subsided into nervous silence—but not for long. A few stops farther on a handsome woman in her thirties, who looked to be of middling professional status, got up and as she passed the conductor on her way out, said in a calculatedly loud voice: "You simply picked on that girl because she's coloured. It's thoroughly disgraceful that we have to put up with colour prejudice from public employees. I've half a mind to send in a report about you." And she went on with ever-mounting fervour from the pavement. The conductor, who seemed far less put out than he well might have been, replied in kind, and finally told her to keep her "distorted half mind" to her own affairs. And so the episode might have ended, on any other bus but a No. 24. At Hampstead Heath we all got off, and I found that the African girl had been joined by a middle-aged and unmistakably Quaker-looking couple. They walked on either side of her and the woman, with her arm round the girl's shoulder, was saying: "I hope you realise, my dear, that the conductor was quite right and that that woman was very wrong to accuse him of colour prejudice. He really behaved very well, much better than you could have counted on in the circumstances, in fact much better than he would have behaved with me, I'm sure. But I'm afraid he may be prejudiced next time." As they walked on together, the girl seemed to be assenting and moreover to be doing so happily. How fortunate, my friend reflected, that it had been a 24 bus to Hampstead Heath.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A distinguished furrier (S. London) told me that there is still a supply of buyers for mink coats costing between £2,000 and £3,000. But the great middle class, which buys a coat costing £1,000, is lacking since the war.—*Daily Telegraph*. (H. G. Button.)

He then modestly admits that a few days ago he himself performed a feat which will take some beating. "Within one hour," he says, "I filled 10 bowler hats with treacle. My actual time was 59 minutes 10 seconds. I was helped a little by a following wind, but I owe everything to my trainer."—From the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury*. (Mrs. Gilmons.)

The uncommitted voter will quickly see that what the pamphlet means by equality is a process of levelling down, of keeping everyone as far as possible to the lowest common denominator in all those things in which people naturally desire to be unequal—housing, education, or property.—*Daily Telegraph*. (R. Ponting.)

Let's face it. What I had to sell, the Americans have been exporting for years. I always thought they had enough home-grown glamour, but, from the welcome I've been getting, it's obvious they like a bit of lease-lend as well.—Diana Dors in the *Empire News*. (Jack Smith.)

Poznan Snapshots

This eye-witness account of the Poznan riot was written by one of the British businessmen visiting the Poznan Fair.

As I came out into the street I noticed that the trams were not moving and that there were more people about than usual at that time in the morning. I felt it was Sunday, not Thursday. I turned up the street towards the central square. I saw a fair-sized crowd at the far end by the University. Everyone was walking quite slowly towards the crowd, as if they were going to church or to the cinema. I stopped one of the walkers. He was a short man, dressed in overalls. "What is happening?" I asked him in halting German. His face fell open into a wide grin, and one or two others gathered round him. "Strike," he said. He repeated the word several times, and they all grinned. Then they talked in Polish among themselves and the man turned to me again. "Demonstration," he said, and pointed at the crowd in the square, which was rapidly growing larger as people poured into it from every side-street. The men led me into the crowd, and we wormed our way through it to a group of powerful looking, determined men, dressed in their working shirts and old trousers held up with a belt. There was much excited conversation in Polish, and then one of them came up to me. "Auslander?" My first instinct was to deny the charge. Then the meaning of the word registered. I gulped and nodded. "England," I said, full of pride and guilt. Their pleasure was infectious, and people surged in on us as the word went round that I was from England. At this point, I realised that I seemed to have a personal interpreter who kept telling me in German what was happening. He whispered in my left ear: "The people want bread." I tried to remain impassive and detached, but I had caught some of the exhilaration of the crowd which now filled the square and all the surrounding streets. There were no police. I heard someone laugh, and I looked up. High up on a corner of a building were seven figures in black frock-coats and top hats. Sweeps. They waved to the crowd and one of them did a little jig. There was an answering roar from below. Laughter. It was like Trafalgar Square on a Sunday afternoon. Arms for Spain.

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I had not noticed the big stone-faced building before the crowd moved towards it. My interpreter croaked in my ear: "They are going to the Party building." Suddenly, the building seemed to become larger and more solid. I heard the tinkle of broken glass, and there was a sigh, almost in unison, from different parts of the crowd as the double doors swung open and the people surged in. A window opened very slowly, and a hand appeared with a Polish flag. There was a great cry from the crowd. More windows opened. More papers, flags fluttering down into the crowd. They were grabbed and trampled on. I felt myself being swept in with the crowd, and then I was in the forbidden building. Grey marble and dark stained oak, a black bust of Lenin at the top of the staircase, scowling at the pandemonium in the hall. There were yards and yards of cheap lavatory paper draped on the pillars and along the corridors. The children loved it. They were sliding down the marble banisters, stamping up the stairs and sliding down again and again. Whole families were there, looking at the marble walls and staircases, and scuffling their feet on the thick carpets. It was like a cross between a Corner House and Madame Tussauds. In a passage, an angry group cornered a suspected Party man. His face was grey with fear. As they surrounded him, shouting and pushing, all I could see was his arms above the crowd waving a pink printed form. My own fear welled up and almost blinded me. They could do this to me too. I suppose I could do it to them. The people treated the building like a museum, strolling about from floor to floor and looking at everything. Here and there knots of angry people were tearing down the pictures, smashing the glass. A child picked up one end of the lavatory paper and ran round his parents until their feet were entangled in it. His mother aimed a blow at his backside, but he scampered away. I looked out of the window at the huge crowd. A stream of men, women and children was coming into the building, and another line snaking out. Behind me a man was urinating on the carpet. I was frightened and hurried out, closely followed by my interpreter. I wondered about the Party men they had locked in the cellar. What were they thinking?

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A large part of the crowd began to move off from the square, led by a truck full of workers. My interpreter said: "We are going to the U.B." I said: "Oo Bay?" "Yes. Secret police." He waved his hands: "Like Gestapo." It was impossible not to follow. Soon we were near the big white building in what looked like a cul-de-sac. By the time we arrived thousands of people were crowding down the narrow streets. Some were strolling about, some were sitting on piles of brick and on the kerbs. I was now part of the mob, sad and excited. Then there was a pistol shot, and I felt my heart leap. I was ashamed because I was almost pleased to feel the tension broken. Then there were more shots from the other side of the road. I threaded through the crowd trying to see what was going on. Someone on the first floor of the U.B. building fired a burst from a machine-pistol into the crowd. Several people fell and were dragged out of range. All round, there were cries of surprise and anger. My interpreter said: "No Poles there. No Poles." I looked at him. "Only Russians and Jews," he said.

I came back towards the square. Though the shooting was still going on, most of the crowd didn't seem angry. It was still like Trafalgar Square. Then I saw a lorry with troops edging its way through. The people waved and whistled. "They won't shoot. They are Poles," my interpreter said. "Are you sure," I asked. "They are our brothers." "They will shoot," I said. My interpreter grinned and shook his head. "They won't shoot." "Why are you so sure?" "It is happening all over Poland. In Warsaw, Gdynia, Lodz. . . . Today. Today." My interpreter looked at his watch. "Today," he repeated. The people were swarming all over the lorry and I saw rifles and ammunition being passed from hand to hand. The officer, white-faced and still wearing his revolver, was being dragged away by a group of men. A tank clattered towards the U.B. building, its commander standing in the open turret. There were derisive shouts from some people in the crowd. As soon as the tank stopped, people swarmed over it and again I couldn't see exactly what happened. I edged my way towards it. After talking to some people my interpreter said gleefully: "We have the tank." A second tank was taken in the same way. Then, after a few minutes, both tanks fired. "The people are firing at the U.B.," my interpreter said. Then the heavy guns were silent and I wondered why they had stopped. Later in the day I heard that no one knew how to reload the guns.

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The flag was white and red and there was a huge bloodstain on the white part. It was too dramatic to be real. As I walked towards the flag the crowd parted to let me through. No one was taking any notice of the machine-gun and rifle fire. The girl was about thirty, with grey-green eyes; she stared uncomprehendingly at me. Several people tried to take the flag away from her, but they could not prise her hands loose. A large blowsy woman said to me proudly: "She has been here for four hours." The girl looked straight in front of her without moving. "Four hours," the woman said again. "Her man has fallen." All round, people were wandering about, some with their hands in their pockets, some of the women with shopping bags and children. Some were laughing. I asked: "What is your name?" She stared. My interpreter spoke to her. She whispered something. I couldn't hear what it was, but I nodded. People round me said: "Tell everyone in England what you have seen." I felt the flush start somewhere in my stomach and spread all over my body and up to my face. I held my breath for a moment and hoped they didn't see. I nodded again and turned away.

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As the tank reached the intersection it hesitated, and then it turned to where the fighting was now very fierce. Suddenly a tram began to move along the line and stopped in front of the tank, blocking its path. They looked like two insects of different species poised for attack. There was laughing and some cheering and the wag who was driving the tram smiled and bowed ironically to the crowd. The tank backed slowly away from the tram and then veered to the left as if to skirt the tram from the rear. The wag moved his handles and the tram slowly backed and once again blocked the road for the tank. By this time, the crowd round the tank had increased and everybody was laughing. The driver, who had been looking out of the tank, seemed sheepish and embarrassed. He put his head down and closed the trap. The tram driver looked very pleased with himself and bowed and waved again to the crowd.

In the afternoon, I went to the Orbis office near the Fair buildings. It was full of people trying to arrange air and rail passages out of Poland. I waited half an hour for my turn. The girl behind the desk was pretty and she looked very frightened. "Is it possible to leave Poznan today?" She shook her head. "Tomorrow?" She shook her head again. "What is the noise outside?" I said. By now the firing was intense, but it had already become familiar. "They are shooting," she said. "Shooting? Who is shooting?" "You see, the working people are striking and they are shooting them." She was perspiring slightly and she looked past me at the wall. "Are they shooting them because they are striking?" I said. "It is forbidden to strike, you see." "It seems a bit hard on them doesn't it?" "Please?" "Never mind." "Is it possible to have an aeroplane ticket for Monday?" She shook her head. "Please come later and I will see."

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Back in my room that night, I lay on the bed in the dark. I listened to the tanks rumbling outside and to the clatter of the troops setting up machine-gun posts in the nearby streets. I tried to think clearly through my agitation. I remembered what people had said to me that day. They wanted freedom, they said. And bread. I wondered what they meant by freedom. Or if they really knew what they wanted. The cauldron had simply boiled over. I could still smell the inside of the dirty shoe one man had taken off and thrust under my nose. "450 zloty," he said. His wife waved her fist in my face. "And we earn 600 zloty a month." I could still smell her breath. "Everything is the same," she shouted. All through the day in fragments of conversation, I had heard the same thing. "We want things to be better. We have waited too long." Then outside my window, the shooting and the noise stopped for a moment. And in the silence, from a part of the city which had previously been quiet, I heard a long burst of machine-gun fire. I remembered the last words of my interpreter as we had said goodbye that evening. "It is not yet finished."

Banquo's Ghost

Two Belgian business men visited Ireland recently with proposals to end the live meat horse export: Mr. H. de Jongh, president of the Antwerp Chamber of Commerce, horse meat importers section, and Mr. A. de Winne, president of the Horse Butchers' Union of Belgium. They came, representing their associations, to discuss the establishment of a horse abattoir in Ireland. Each man personally represented an old family firm of long experience in the trade. At a press conference, they said they came as business men. Their twofold object was to get A class meat and end the suffering of horses in sea transit. Their visit was an independent, business one, following the recent lifting of the Belgian Government's ban on horse-flesh imports.

The Belgian visitors have publicly outlined the trade situation and their proposals. In addition to the demand in Belgium, where horse flesh accounted for half the meat consumption, there was a market in four other European countries and in the Belgian Congo and other African countries: the two latter now import Belgian canned lunch meat of horse flesh, for populations unable to afford dearer meats. Dead horse flesh for the central Belgian market comes from the U.S.A., the Argentine on a large scale, and elsewhere. The North American supply is diminishing; the Irish supply, being near, offers lower production and handling costs. Canada has a factory such as is proposed for the Irish Republic; so has Northern Ireland. The dead horse-flesh export from Argentina with its great dead beef export trade and the flourishing smaller one from beef-exporting Northern Ireland, together disprove the theory that one export damages the other—the theory on which the Irish Minister for Agriculture bases his opposition to home horse slaughter. The Belgian delegates had asked for an interview. Mr. Dillon replied that he would not permit the export of horse flesh "for human consumption as it would be contrary to public interest."

Mr. de Jongh said that the Belgians "are very proud of our meat," and that horse flesh exported under the rigorous supervision planned could not be mistaken for other meat. All exports must pass stringent examination of a highly qualified inspecting veterinary officer at the factory, with a second examination in Belgium, to ensure Irish export only of highest quality, unmistakable horse meat. Belgian canned horse meat, now exported, is clearly, indelibly labelled.

The factory planned should give employment to about 500 people—an important point with Ireland's emigration drain. It could take at once the 18,000 live horses at present exported annually. Farmers would get "real value" for horses including those lamed and injured, which may not be shipped, living: a considerable factor in a sporting country of easily injured hunters and racers; and "old horses, kept well, fed well, make marvellous meat," as do young ones. Aged horses may not be (officially) exported. The Republic now offers no good market for these classes. Fertiliser by-products would remain in Ireland, which now imports fertilisers at high cost, and give further employment. The ships now carrying live horses and unable, with those, to carry other cargo, would carry the dead meat: shipping companies might profit by carrying additional cargo, and increased employment should be given at the docks. The Republic's economy would gain foreign currency and the present loss, by fear, loss of weight, injury and death would be avoided. Shipping per horse to Belgium costs £20-£25, between freight, insurance and other costs. The delegates speaking from importers' and butchers' experience demand: "A quality meat." That was not obtainable from live import, as the receivers knew. Horses arrived "worn-out," terrified by the special fears of horses, legs stiff from long standing, "*even in good weather*." The meat is "in feverish condition. If brought to a humane abattoir here, well rested before slaughter, horses will produce A quality meat."

On the idealistic, apart from the materialistic, side, the visitors brought proposals to lay the Banquo's Ghost that sits now at many Irish feasts —insistently, since in Ireland peculiarly, the horse is the centre of social life in town and country. Country shows, the local race course, the great Ballsbridge Shows, where the horse is treated royally and traffic held up for him, are alike haunted by this ghost. Some people are kept away from such feasts by it. That lovely, black thoroughbred, trotted round the ring at a Bloodstock sale, sold cheap at £35, because of a hip injury . . . would you find him next week-end,

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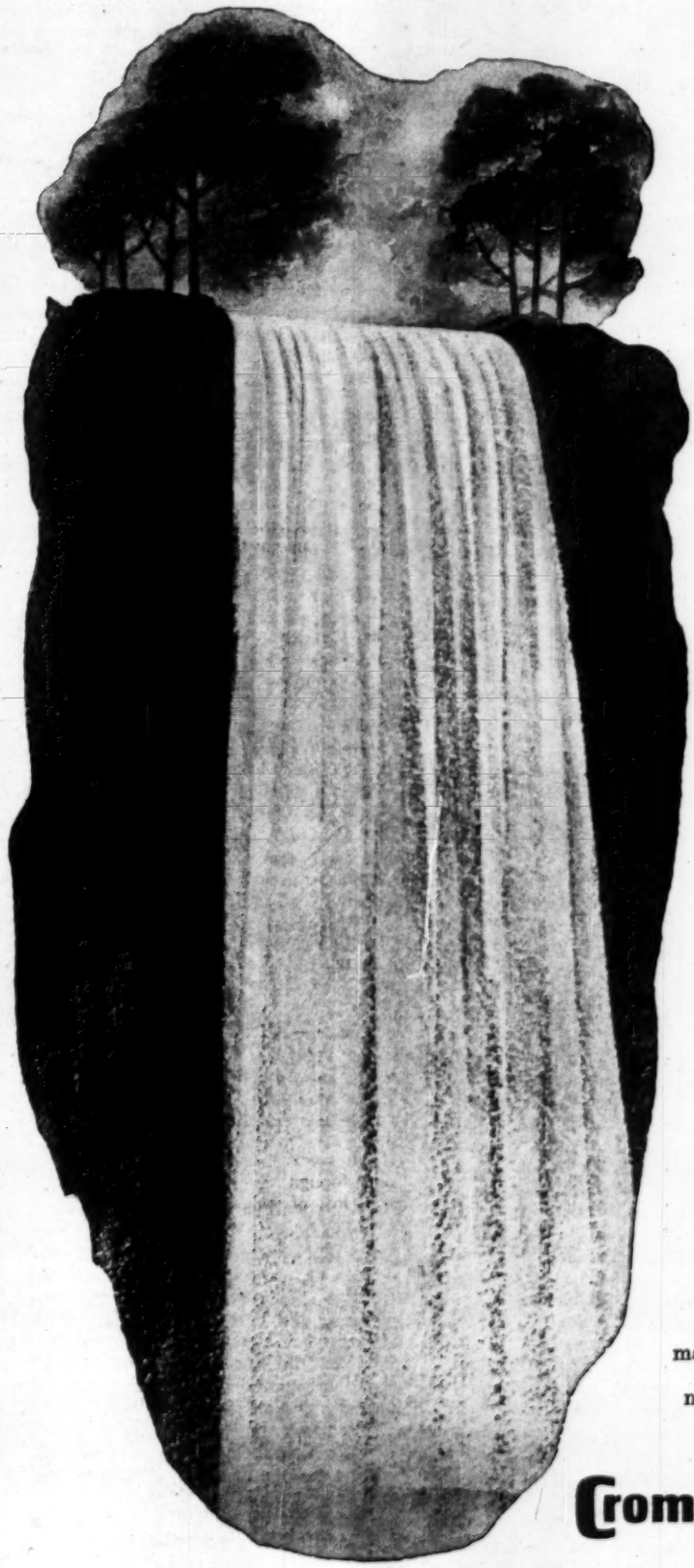

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pampered still in the good stable of his new horse owner, one grown rich as exporter—or, out on grass fattening for Belgium, or for France, to which suspended shipments have begun again?

Reports of the Paris Vaugirard are even worse than those of Belgian slaughterhouses. That shining, fat, redundant Irish Army saddle horse led by an affectionate, anxious groom—will he follow his army transport companions: six bought by meat men at a recent auction? At sales there is tension in the air while the bids mount—to safe prices—at ever higher figures with £60 going at country fairs for "fat horses." A recognised figure moving in the crowd of watchful, horsey men increases tension—a meat man here! The eye learns to look, not now for beautiful points against beautiful landscape, but—for meat possibility. The ghost walks too beside the remaining, faithful Dublin transport horses. The Dublin poor leaped in lately with their pennies, to save their retiring Post Office horses from the waiting meat man. Behind all Irish horse scenes, lies the ship-loading quay, the rope halter marking the meat horse and end of that other life in which he had a name, a stable, a man he knew, to care for him; then the nightmare journey, 600 miles, via the rough Irish Sea, to the Belgian slaughterhouse.

This Banquo's Ghost influences a present curiosity chapter of Irish history and life. It is rarely spoken of by those of the Irish world most enjoying horses. Protest comes from the poorer side, with increasing Dail questions from Labour and other party Deputies. Another curiosity: Mr. James Dillon, famed for his courageous, solitary championship of the Allied cause during the war, and later for efforts for Anglo-Irish friendship, unfurled in defence against criticism of this trade the old clever banner of "British attacks on Ireland." But at a recent ceremony, organised by the wholly Irish National Campaign against the traffic, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Denis Larkin, Labour T.D., presented over 12,000 voters' protest letters to representatives of the different parties. Irish conscience about animals is of recent, slow growth. But there is uneasiness about this trade, noticeable particularly among the working-men. Visiting the loading quay and a melancholy horse-ship (with its curious reminder of a war-time troop ship), I felt that most of the men involved would have preferred handling different cargo.

A very few importers have made great fortunes: shipping a hundred horses a time at a profit of £8-£10 each. Smuggling horses north to south for export is profitable. The border county Monaghan sends its fine, filled horse boxes to Dublin quay. "You look like a horse exporter," is a jest made to a friend, owner of a new, splendid car, or country house.

PAMELA HINKSON

The Day They Shot Sotelo

THE day before, we had been to a bullfight; there was only one matador with a great name and he, no doubt thinking of all the lovely money he now had to lose, was being careful with a bull hand-picked for resignation. I should not have cared to face it myself, of course; but there were, it seemed, those who would. A boy in his teens and a light grey suit, ran across the arena from deep shade to bright sunlight and, using a *muleta* which he flicked from inside his jacket, took the bull away from the matador. The crowd liked it. And even the bull cast off merely passive acceptance of immolation, and charged briskly. Perhaps, like the rest of us in those days, it had strong political convictions. For painted in white letters on the young man's bit of red rag were the words *Death to Gil Robles*.

We saw that everywhere: death for Gil Robles was invoked in whitewash on every wall in Spain. It was the method we ourselves used to summon an apathetic people not, indeed, to an assassination, but to meetings in Trafalgar Square: ALL OUT SUNDAY. It was no more successful in Spain than in Woolwich: Senor Robles, defying this writing on the wall by timely flight, yet lives to plague the Caudillo, even though that sly and corpulent officer did lead Muslims to the reconquest of Spain for the church of which Senor Robles is a lay-pillar. What a pity the shades of Ferdinand and Isabella are unlikely to have a sense of humour.

I cannot recall that we ever saw a wall—and certainly we never saw a *muleta*—which called upon Death to take Calvo Sotelo: yet it was Sotelo, not Robles, who was murdered the next day. And though the murder was no more responsible for war in Spain and its consequences, than Princip's mortal shot at Sarajevo was responsible for the first German War, yet it did act as the starting pistol in the second German war.

As I said, it happened on the day after that bullfight. Not that we knew anything about it at the time. Spain, certainly, was lively: it was as well to greet parties of workers or peasants with a clenched fist, which was then a symbol as potent as Winston Churchill's variation on a rude gesture of contempt and defiance was later to become. But as for war . . . . no: there were those, no doubt, who expected it, but we were not of their number.

At about the time when Sotelo lay dying, I was under the car, in the inch of dust which covered the road to the frontier, trying to make the clutch work. It was a good car, but venerable rather than active. It had cost £60 at one of those showrooms or pavement-shops which were to be found in the province of Graham Greeneland between Hammersmith and Kew Bridge. At such establishments the customer was one of two things: reckless; or buoyantly confident that his coolly applied knowledge of automobile mechanisms would be too much for the falsely friendly blandly public-school salesmanship of young men made dishonest by the England of *England Made Me*, a world for Krugs, for Rex Mottrams, for that almost equally mythical figure, Lord Beaverbrook; the world, in short, which Sotelo's assassin was about to destroy—an order that Sir Anthony Eden, forced out of character by circumstance, was to try restoring two decades later. Had Sotelo's assassin heard Mr. Betjeman's invocation to friendly bombs summoned to fall on Slough, proper metropolis of that world?

But the car had carried us I know not how many thousand miles on the atrocious roads of Spain. And when it did stop going, some inspired mechanic would appear out of the crowd and make it work again, often refusing any more payment than a drink; for we were often as dirty and rarely much better fed than himself. Once, in the Sierra Nevada, in a village with no garage and none for thirty miles, the blacksmith and the saddler, although the latter was devout and the smith an anarchist, combined skills to make us a new universal joint which outlasted the rest of the chassis. For Spain was briefly lively and bustling and enterprising then. Why not? Were they not free at last? Was not the Republic a reality? Who was to know that that reality was insufficiently flexible, so that it turned out to be impossible to shape it to twenty million different ideals? They, our brilliant improvisors of spare parts in a land which had not learnt, so backward was it, to rely on factories, had no idea that their army's generals were *really* as treacherous as it was good fun and sound politics to say they were.

But that day the car had stopped far from any inhabited place and I was obliged to do my own dirty work, while my wife handed tools and anxiously watched to see whether I was getting near that point of hunger and exasperation when I should lose my temper and, in consequence, some vital nut or bolt.

It was seven o'clock when we reached a small town and went into the first hotel we saw, because it *was* the first and also because it was built round a courtyard full of evergreens which looked cool and quiet. I cannot have been a prepossessing sight as we went into the hall. There was nobody there but a small, ageless, bespectacled man who looked very un-Spanish and had an air of generalised deference which must have been the expression of the timidity which made him shrink from our dirt, from my want of hat or coat or manners, as we loudly called for attention. An elderly man of the utmost politeness appeared: to be sure we could have a room; we could even—no doubt my accent or my dirt suggested this—we could even have a room with bath.

"For God's sake," I said, "let's have a bathroom." For I had the roads of Castille and Leon and Andalucia stuck to me with axle-grease. My wife said,

"What do we do for money?"

"Wouldn't *you* like a bath?"

"Certainly. I like to eat, too."

But the price of the bathroom turned out to be of a moderation such that I was justified, indeed delighted until, ascending with the courteous old man to inspect the room I found that though it had a bath, with very shiny taps, no water was laid on. That would come one day; besides, what need of it where labour was plentiful and cheap? Water would be no worse for being brought to us in pitchers instead of pipes. I closed the deal and went down to tell my wife to find that she—having, in half the cities of Andalucia, avoided capture by those males who called *Que bonita!* after her in the street, or, more touchingly, blessed her mother as she passed, or, more practically, pinched her bottom in the *Sierpes*—had been picked up by a Catalan commercial traveller.

However, he was broad-minded; he was willing to like me, too, even though nobody could have called me pretty. We had membership of the Party in common; I fancy that we took it about as seriously. Neither of us were good party men. It was to a common rendezvous of the Party that he took us, after we had bathed but before we had fed. We were willing to go, for he had explained that the place dealt not only in Marxism, but in wine. It was as we were leaving the hotel that the small, timid man appeared again, desperation overcoming his shyness and making him pluck at my arm.

"Do you speak English?"

"I am English."

For a moment he looked incredulous and upset, then reflected that the thing was, after all, only too possible.

"Could I have a word with you?"

"Certainly. Can I help?"

"It's this fighting that's broken out. My wife's afraid to go on. But she's afraid to go back. She's in our room. She has a bad headache."

Was it aspirin he wanted? Vaguely, I said: "Fighting? Go back where?"

"I work in Gibraltar. I have a little car. We were going on leave. We'd got this far. But now, this . . ."

"I haven't heard of any fighting."

"The hotel man here. . . . well, I don't know Spanish, but he was telling us. . . ."

"We'd better go and ask him."

No, no, the old man assured me, he had said nothing of fighting. Certainly not. There was no fighting. He had been explaining to the gentleman about the route to the frontier; he had been describing the road between Barcelona and Seo d'Urgel. I, too, knew that road: any Spaniard, expressing himself with feeling on the subject, might well have been supposed by one ignorant of the language, to be holding forth on the horrors of war.

"No fighting," I said, "but we'll make sure, we'll ask our friend. He is a politician, he'll know."

Our commercial traveller's name was Angel: he knew of no fighting, more was the pity. It was time something violent was done about things. There was no fighting yet. With scoundrels like Robles in the government and generals plotting and conspiring against their country, anything might happen. But for the moment all was peace and order.

The little man hesitated, fought another battle with timidity and asked whether we would be so very kind as to assure his wife, personally, that Spain was everywhere at peace. We did not ask him why: it would have been painful to oblige him to confess, other than by implication, that his wife had no confidence in his assurances. Would he and his wife be at dinner? Yes; so would we, and it could be done then. Dinner, said the proprietor, was at ten. And as we went out of the door the timid man, bold in his relief, called after us, "My wife's a little hard of hearing."

The Communist rendezvous was a bodega in a street so narrow that no light entered it. My recollection of the next two hours is not clear. We were in a vaulted cellar and although we could not have been more than a score and there was room for a hundred, the place seemed crowded. We were served, rapidly and repeatedly, with sherry as dry as hard cider and large glasses of Rioja. The place seemed to get more crowded, more full of powerful voices and what they said was confusing, for we could not make the quick transposition they made from politics to football, and back to politics. Was it some villain in government circles who was now being denounced for betraying the people, or was it a centre-forward who came from Pampeluna and was, it seemed, equally treacherous, equally ready to take money from the other side? We never knew, only that the cellar was fuller and fuller of stimulating sound, that we, too, had our denunciations to utter and that, when we emerged into the street after ten, and steered for the lights at the end of it, the cobbles under our feet reared and swung like the deck of an unstable ship, so that we walked straddling, holding each other, laughing loudly at thus suddenly experiencing the spinning motion of the globe.

If the cooling air did not sober us, it calmed our spirits: we still knew ourselves brave and witty but the world fell into a steadier gait. The syrupy tangos which the radio had been emitting —differently tuned it could have told us that Sotelo was dead that day—sang in our heads. Even the crowd in the hotel dining-room, where we had expected to see nobody, only checked us for a moment. We were shown to a table, ordered our dinner. It was Angel who reminded me of my promise to the timid Englishman.

I crossed the room to their table; the Spaniards were interested. The pair sat very quiet, eating their dinner with the minimum of motion as if they feared that too much activity would attract the attention they feared. The man neither introduced or explained me, but doubtless he had prepared his wife for my approach. He mumbled a word or two about my kindness and directed my attention to his wife, with a glance. She was small, shrunken, grey, and when she put down her knife and fork she began at once to wring her thin, dry hands.

"I understand," I said, feeling foolish, "that you've been worried by rumours of disturbances. There's nothing in them at all. You can go on quite safely."

She looked at me and there was on her face an expression of straining outwards, of nervous, pleading inquiry which I failed to recognise as the look of the very deaf. Her husband said, "She's a bit deaf. If you could just raise . . ."

The Spaniards stare, even at nothing. Now, they seemed to think, they had something to stare at. Chairs were shifted so that their occupants could see better. I said loudly, repeated even more loudly, in a kind of subdued shout, what I had already said. The room seemed interested. Could this be a row? It was splendid. Only the woman, more strained and flustered than ever, did not hear. Her husband, red-faced, sweating, avoiding my eyes, said, "If you could raise your voice. . . ."

Desperately, then, at the top of my voice, I bawled out that egregious error which was subsequently to make the *Daily Express* as ridiculous as the dining room, by its burst of candid laughter, found me. . . .

"No fighting! No war! Just carry on!"

EDWARD HYAMS

Fleet Street Notebook

EXPOSING vice now out-tops everything else as the biggest single selling line in mass journalism, to judge from the current mood of Fleet Street's shrewdest operators in the art of hitting the lowest common denominator of common taste. Although still worth its place, ordinary cheesecake no longer has the bite it once had. Contemplation of even the most luscious curves grows stale with repetition—except, to judge from the amount of free publicity still given to the girl on every likely and unlikely occasion, when they belong to Diana Dors, a young woman with whom I personally am so bored that if my trade did not prevent it I would stop reading any newspaper that mentioned her bust measurement more than once in six months. But apart from Miss Dors, photographs of blonde bombshells with large mouths and plunging necklines no longer pull in the customers to quite the extent they once did. Indeed the *Daily Sketch*, which has scooped in 150,000 new readers in the last six months by its infallible taste for the titillating, has lowered the angle of its camera shots. It gave the best part of its middle page the other day to a back view of the bottom half of two beauty contest competitors —"tight skirt and drainpipe trousers show off their curves." I don't see that it can really get much lower.

Such dazzling journalistic enterprise apart, vice is now the real pay-off. The policy of what the *Sunday Times* rather coyly calls "libidinous stimulation" has reached the stage where appetites call for stronger meat. And by great good fortune the best of all fig leaves is available for those who feel the need for some slight covering as they journey into the underworld—the old, well-tried fig leaf of the public interest. To expose vice is clearly a public duty. How fortunate it is that the doing of it can be made to involve such profitable publicising of vice.

The present position, so far as commercialised prostitution in London is concerned, is clearly one that excites public disquiet—a disquiet that the Home Secretary, a man with a rare capacity for hearing only what his officials tell him, has so far shown little real sign of recognising. To voice that disquiet is a proper function of the press and it has been very properly carried with sense and responsibility by such popular papers as the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Mail* and *Reynolds*. Nor could anyone accuse the *Daily Express*, whatever other criticisms one may or may not have of it, of going in for "libidinous stimulation" on

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this or any other occasion. And although, I daresay, the exposure of the vice trade carried on by the *People* over many months—indeed years—has helped its circulation and was intended to do so, it has been lifted out of the rut of most such campaigns by the hard core of factual investigation carried out, despite risk of libel or indeed physical assault, by its crime reporter, Duncan Webb. He has published a mass of documentary evidence that has resulted in several well merited prosecutions.

But what is one to say of some of the older papers that have been whooping up the "menace of prostitution" in the West End to such hysterical proportions over the last few weeks? I have no doubt that the *Daily Mirror*, which has been proudly in the van of the campaign, genuinely believes itself to be doing a necessary job of cleaning up London's streets. I am even prepared to believe, if I am solemnly assured that such is the case, that Mr. Hugh Cudlipp has never taken even a sly glance at the chart of newspaper circulations that occupies so prominent a place on his wall. I deplore some of the measures the *Mirror* has been advocating in such large black type without—as it seems to me—any real consideration of the long-term consequences of some of its proposals. But it has at least spared us some of the more scabrous details, keeping to the broad principles—if that is the proper word.

It is less easy to accept such a alibi from some others. The fig leaf has slipped too much in the excitement of the chase. When I find photographs of prostitutes competing for pride of place with film stars on the front pages of the Sunday press I find myself wondering—no doubt it is very old fashioned of me—whether journalism isn't in some danger of slipping into an even older profession. Last Sunday the *Sunday Graphic*—which used to pride itself on being a "family newspaper," not one of these sexy tabloids—published on its front page a large photograph of a smiling young woman under the large heading "The Woman Who Saves £3,000 A Year." A caption explained that she saved this out of her earnings as a prostitute. No doubt the editor of the *Graphic*—a singularly unmaterially minded gentleman, I presume—is prepared to argue that this was intended as a horrid warning to any of his young women readers who might be attracted to a fate worse than death by the large-scale publicity now being given to it by the popular prints. I think his proprietor, that very moral peer Lord Kemsley, ought to have a word with him. While he is about it he might also take a look at the latest contribution of busy Detective Inspector Fabian—the cop with the golden pen—to his other Sunday paper, the *Empire News and Sunday Chronicle*.

In the interests of morality, Inspector Fabian and the editor of the *Empire News* have found it desirable to publish over several columns careful details of the methods and instruments employed by a tall young lady named Sally, dressed in high heels and a variety of costumes from a Gestapo uniform to that of a "French maid", to extract £10 a time from middle-aged gentlemen for whipping them.

I hate to be thought a prude, but I confess that I find the moral titbits scattered about this and other Sunday paper articles in the current great campaign for morality no adequate excuse for publishing them. No doubt the editors who commission them and those who write them are all high-minded gentlemen. I can only say that I find their productions altogether too high for my taste—or, as I perhaps mistakenly feel, the credit of the profession of journalism to which I am still doing my best to feel proud to belong.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

A Little Bang at Brecht

THE other week I saw my third Brecht play in English by the kindness of Mr. John Fernald, the new principal of the R.A.D.A. He is now giving his students as many chances as possible of learning to act in front of audiences, and by choosing interesting and unusual plays for them to perform, he ensures an audience for them to act before. Brecht's *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* is an excellent choice for his purposes. First, it has a mammoth cast and must give almost every student he has a chance of treading the boards; then, the style of acting Brecht calls for is extremely uncomplicated—I do not say simple. And a very good job the students made of it in a most imaginative and resourceful production by their Principal.

But, oh dear, what a terrible old Germanic bore this Brecht can be and what æons of fatigue we shall have to suffer in the future owing to the Communist deification of this stuck-in-the-Twenties playwright! For isn't Brecht, as the master theatrical mind of our age, just another Communist ramp—another talent plumped up into genius by incessant and skilful propaganda? And a talent, too, which if it could only be laughed out of its formal absurdities, instead of being sanctified for them, might be a most enjoyable one? It is no doubt impertinent to criticise a writer without knowing his language thoroughly, but I will risk the impertinence. In his writing Brecht has vigour, wit and pungency (very hard to get over in translation). He has a romantic taste for squalor and a romantic hatred of authority, both attractive traits I find. The sap really rises in his prose when he is depicting scoundrels. In *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk*, for instance, the wishy-washy goody-goodness and the no less wishy-washy bady-badness is suddenly kicked through in the second part by a lusty, swaggering, two-faced young peasant, who, by a series of accidents, finds himself made a judge. He seizes his opportunities in his strong crooked hands and lays about authority while his run lasts. He is a fine gusty character. So too is that randy, raucous, old bawd, Mother Courage, cheating her way across fifteenth-century Europe, with her slops for the soldiers and her indomitable hold on life.

These are the typical vitality figures in Brecht, and excellent they are. They abounded, no doubt, in that low-life Berlin of the Twenties, in which he revelled as a refugee from his middle-class upbringing:

> So I stepped out of my class and joined
> The humble people. . . .

That was a common romantic reaction in the Twenties and Thirties based generally on a total misconception both of what the people were like (would they thank him, for instance, for his epithet?) and of what Communism was really up to. What Brecht immediately responds to (to judge by the passages where his writing is aerated rather than flat) is not the discipline and order of Communism but the tough, witty struggles of the oppressed against their oppressors. This, of course, is very sympathetic in him, but it is odd to find it recommending him to the Communists. One result of this attitude is that he has to put his plays into the remote past, into thirteenth-century China and medieval Europe so that his romantic anarchism can remain camouflaged. If he were writing about the present, his sympathies—who that has read him can doubt it?—would be with the Poznan rioters, not with the authorities who mowed them down; and where would his fine State Theatre be then?

Still, his allegiance once given we do have to swallow in his plays great draughts of that propaganda flatness, which is to the unconverted the very nadir of boredom. Apart from the splendid scoundrels, the poor are always good, the rich wicked, the powerful cruel and the priests sozzled. ("Oh", murmured my companion at *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk*, "Oh, for one un-drunk monk!") How one longs to see one unexpected good action from the bad, or one bad one from the good. It would make, in my view, not only for interest but for a shade more conviction too.

With this unredeemed anti-authoritarian streak in him, Brecht would not presumably pass muster before a committee on Uncommunist Activity on his content alone. It is his formal approach which the faithful go gooey about. We must wait before pronouncing on this until we have seen his own productions and his own company, which are expected at the Palace Theatre in the late summer. By all accounts—and not all of them Communist accounts—this company is a remarkable ensemble and he is a remarkable producer. He has been given the most lavishly equipped theatre in the world and—so they say—he makes the most of it, though I can't help feeling from the accounts that I have read and heard that his methods are too close to an out-dated expressionism. We shall see. Meanwhile, and without having seen his productions—indeed all the more clearly for not being dazzled by them—I find his approach to play-writing old-fashioned, dull and arty.

I have already indicated that, the rogues apart, everything is predictable in Brecht, but his methods make predictability a principle. In case his audience is so witless as not to be able to guess after the first five minutes what attitude is going to be taken, predictability is thrust on it by his telling it in advance, either by a notice on a blackboard or a chorus in the gallery, or—*modernismus* 1923!—by a magic-lantern slide thrown on a screen. "We are going to show you so-and-so and so-and-so" and with arty simplicity so-and-so is shown. Who does he think we are, we the audience? That I find very puzzling. We are not evidently a modern industrial community of factory-workers and clerks and officials. Because if we were, we could be presumed to have gone to the cinema and to have learned there, if nothing else, how to pick up remarkably quickly a fast-moving narrative which cuts elliptically from place to place and scene to scene. Is this theatre meant, then, for illiterate peasants? (Peasant is now returning as an OK Communist word.) If so, why is it the darling of the intellectuals? Or is that because it takes very sophisticated people to enjoy the very simple? In which case, is this only another high-brow nonsense?

One thing I am sure of is that *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* would bore the pants off any average English audience, whether the audiences who flock to Shaw and Shakespeare or an audience of good due-paying trade unionists. In all makers of art Communism is, of course, the great reactionary, and like many another good talent Brecht is being ruined by an old-fashioned ideology. He is obviously much better than his creed allows him to be.

T. C. WORSLEY

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The Coventry Glass

REVIEWING, in these pages, Mr. Basil Spence's design for Coventry Cathedral when it was first exhibited after the competition of 1951, I expressed the view that it was chiefly his feeling for symbolism which had enabled Mr. Spence to reach a result so much more convincing than those of his rivals. Enumerating some of his symbolic themes, I confessed that they probably meant more to him than to me. Somewhat puritanically suspicious of the facile play of metaphor, I had to admit, none the less, that the game had, in Spence's approach to the subject, been worth a great deal. Now, in the case of the stained-glass windows for Coventry, I have to make the same admission over again. This same fanciful, quaint plucking and gathering of ancient symbols has enabled a team of three artists to produce the finest modern stained glass I have ever seen. I had always believed that the part symbolism might take in modern religious art could properly be the role only of the poet-theologian; that the programme of a religious work was exclusively the divine's business and that in the tussle between the divine's dictation and the artist's technical resource a work of art could result. I am still not sure that that belief is wrong. But I admit that in these new windows it is impossible to dismiss the symbolism and praise the art or to deny that the first is the driving-force of the second and that the whole reaches an uncommon intensity of emotional effect.

Indeed, these windows are breath-taking. Seventy feet high, they are installed in a darkened gallery at the Victoria and Albert Museum and appropriately stage-managed. Giant Gothic casts loom up in the twilight, electric bulbs irradiate the windows from behind and gramophone voices sing and intone continuously. It is rather like *Parsifal*. The catalogue, which you can read by the light emanating from a model of the cathedral, contains articles by Robin Darwin, Basil Spence, Basil Taylor and the three artists—Lawrence Lee, Geoffrey Clarke and Keith New. If the windows are to be understood, these latter authors have to be consulted, for they give us the programmes, of which here is a specimen (by Mr. New):

> The green window . . . begins with the creation of man as a being of nature, and his arrival out of nature. Above a primitive landscape rides the newly created sun, whose trailing rays are picking up a shadow, pulling it back and revealing, as it were, the world for the first time. The sun's centre is a burst-open pomegranate displaying its seeds, an emblem of future life and hope in immortality. The sun also forms the base of the spring symbol, into which thrust arrows symbolising the pains of birth . . .

It is by no means easy to trace out this complex scheme in the window itself, but perhaps the only importance of the programme to the visitor is to give him a clue to the mood and general purpose of the design. The clue can be discarded when the window begins to exercise its intrinsic fascination. The critical point is that this mechanism of symbols has been important to the artist; and here is a curious reversal of what one supposes to have been the purpose of medieval glass. The medieval artist was employed to enforce the exemplification of doctrinal symbols and in doing so he left to posterity what posterity now calls "works of art". The modern artist is employed to produce a "work of art"; he fetches and carries his own symbolism, works it into and then (very nearly) out of the design. If there is anything wrong in this process it is difficult to admit it in the presence of these windows.

The three artists—all members of the staff of the Royal College of Art—share to a remarkable extent a feeling for continuity of composition and a sense of scale appropriate to these towering batteries of lights. The designs are turbulent and ferocious, the ferocity of the twelfth century merging with that of the twentieth; there are echoes of Chartres and echoes of the thorn-and-talon imagery of Graham Sutherland. Lawrence Lee's windows are the nearest to tradition, Geoffrey Clarke's the nearest to modern abstract painting; New is between the two. There is a tremendous feeling of immediate communication by the artists, as if they had improvised the leading with their own hands (which, no doubt, to a certain extent they have). The colour burns and smoulders, ignites, blazes, but is never for an instant out of control. One leaves the exhibition with a sense of having been fabulously and solemnly entertained.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Fair Play for the Kiddies?

COMMERCIAL-CHANNEL viewers missed the climax of one of Wimbledon's most exciting matches. Apparently the priority of the commercial, booked for a certain time and programme, was deemed absolute. By contrast, BBC viewers saw the whole match because the BBC ruthlessly—and, I think, rightly—overran, delaying the next programme until the match was over. But the BBC received "indignant protests" from viewers who objected to the dislocation of the schedule; so did ITV take, after all, the wiser course? I shouldn't myself have thought that most people would mind watching the world's best tennis for a bit while waiting for another form of entertainment.

Wimbledon must also have been upsetting to well-conditioned children. Sometimes the advertised children's programmes were abandoned or curtailed in favour of it. Some children probably preferred to watch the tennis; others may have missed some special programme of their own.

More upsetting (in theory) was the suspension of the "toddlers' truce"—the hour from 6 to 7 p.m. when there is normally no television and the children, therefore, go quietly to bed. When there is an outside broadcast of the importance of Wimbledon, or a Test Match, or "the Queen doing something", the Postmaster-General has given the Corporation and the Authority a general dispensation to forget about beddy-byes and go on broadcasting right through the evening. It must take weeks for subtopian home-life to recover from such devilry. Or doesn't it?

If it doesn't, and it is arguable that the truce, being evidently thought unnecessary by HMG for some weeks in the year, is unnecessary for the rest of the year also, we may expect an intensive campaign for its ending by those now deprived of the extra income to be got from the sale of advertising time at this peak viewing hour.

Since children are no more to be generalised about than adults—indeed, there is more difference in outlook and tastes between a child of six and a child of thirteen than between an adult of thirty and an adult of thirty-seven—it might be a good idea to absorb the truce hour, or perhaps half of it, into the regular children's TV time, and break down the children's programmes more distinctly into age-groups, starting with the youngest. *Watch with Mother* could be transferred from its usual time of 3.45 (surely *too* early?) to 5; programmes for older children could run until 6.30 or 7. Many of these programmes (for instance, *The Appleyards* or last week's OB visit to the sailing ships taking part in the race from Torbay to Lisbon) appeal to adults also, and could well wait until dad has had his tea.

* * *

Though it has its downs as well as its ups, Miss Caryl Doncaster's *This Week* (ITV, Friday, 9) has on the whole been improving steadily, and is sometimes preferable to *Panorama*, which has a tendency to monotony of texture.

This Week's best recent feature was Elkan Allan's profile of Picasso, an ingenious montage of interviews with pros and antis (including Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, RA!) and naturalistic bulls fading into abstract bulls. One of the best shots was of Mr. Philip James turning towards the camera as he said "Picasso's a genius—he's one of those great monumental figures like Shakespeare. . . ." Another showed Picasso face to face, through glass, sketching a bull in white on

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the glass. The famous Occupation dialogue about the Guernica panel was quoted. (*Nazi:* Did you do this? *Picasso:* No, you did.)

Intolerable, however—in its way, as crude an affront as the similar curtailment of *Hamlet*—was the intrusion, just a second or two too early, during the final shot of Picasso signing his name, of a commercial advertising Brylcreem. Does such advertising pay? Its effect on me was to put me off Brylcreem.

* * *

In addition to its run-of-the-mill political programmes, *The Week in Westminster* and such, sound-radio has lately provided a good deal of material for the intelligent politically-minded.

Mr. R. H. S. Crossman and Mr. T. E. Utley engaged in an enjoyable discussion on scepticism, by which, it turned out, Mr. Utley meant empiricism. To the astonished delight of those of his old friends who do not know him really well, Mr. Crossman argued passionately in favour of fixed, eternal principle—for Gladstone, as he put it, rather than Balfour. He had the best of it, partly because he was the more quick-witted of the two and pounced whenever Mr. Utley exposed himself, e.g., by not being aware that there is universal suffrage in the Soviet Union.

On Sunday and Monday the Third put out a semi-dramatic feature based on Mr. Patrick Howarth's book, *Questions in the House*. This was full of interesting points, but would have held the attention better if it had been more fully dramatic—if, for instance, we had heard an occasional rumble of Parliamentary applause—and if there had been more regional and class variation in the actors' voices: even those impersonating Ramsay MacDonald and Keir Hardie spoke in genteel, stagey, BBC accents.

But the week-end's most fascinating programme was the Home Service interrogation, by Mr. Eric Shipton, Mr. Peter Fleming, and other experienced travellers, of the Polish author of *The Long Walk*, a best-seller on whose authenticity doubts have been cast. Nothing could have been more refined, off-hand and deadpan than the interrogators' technique; nothing could have been more courteous than their casual surprise that their victim just hadn't noticed the Great Wall of China ("perhaps he went through one of the gaps"), or one of the world's largest salt-marshes, or certain great rain-forest-covered gorges which he seemed to have traversed, or the sort of food that Tibetans travel with. . . . This was an exquisite exercise in ironic meiosis.

TOM DRIBERG

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A Difficult Hero

Reach for the Sky (Odeon) is the kind of film we make fearfully well. One can't help the slang phrase; it fits so. Fearfully we go back to the war for emotion, fearfully tread in the steps of heroes, real or fictitious, and now and then we do well. Very well indeed—up to a point—with this filming of Douglas Bader's life story. On the two chief counts—sticking to facts, and bringing the hero alive—the film doesn't fail.

This is, in outline and with minor readjustments, a visualisation of the biography by Mr. Paul Brickhill. It begins with the Air Force cadet, in a dinted bowler, at Cranwell; sets the pace for a crash; both legs must come off, and then there's the terrible getting back, or, rather, getting on, as no one so crippled ever had before; he walks without a stick, he plays golf, and with the war he manages to get back into uniform; Battle of Britain; sweeps over France; shot down, captured, escaping, goon-baiting, Colditz; and then the Victory fly-past over London. Little essential has been missed, and if more jocularity has been put in, there is more sensitiveness also. The most difficult part has been achieved best: the hovering between life and death, the frightful affectionate months in hospital, the learning to walk. Vagueness here would have been fatal; all is made sharp; we are fascinated. No one need hesitate to see the film for fear of encountering the sort of treacly exhibitionism forced on us with the armless ex-soldier of *The Best Years of Our Lives*.

A good deal of the credit for a Bader one can't help taking to and admiring is due to Mr. Kenneth More, who could breeze his way through anything: I should like to see him as Iago, for example. He rides his present part splendidly, besides never allowing a moment's disbelief in those stumps and their tameable adjuncts. He uses his charm here in directions we might not have guessed; something of the irresistibility that is Spencer Tracy's is his, and perhaps of the acting power too. One may suspect in the real Bader demonic touches here absent. But that is not Mr. More's fault, or even the fault of the scriptwriter or director Lewis Gilbert.

What must be blamed on these last two is an alloy of banality which hits us with the very first shot, and goes on through scenes so often met in the cinema, of operations rooms in hospital and air battle, recruit squad, cockpit, hospital garden, prison camp escape: enough to make the whole thing drag a little, while its effort is for clipped terseness. Still, this is easily our best war film since *The Dam-Busters*.

At last to the screen has come Lady Chatterley in a quite unforeseeable shape: that of the French novelette. Whether the director, Marc Allegret, would deceive even a French audience into imagining themselves in England I don't know: they drink tea, and they hunt in French costume, and Mellors wears a sort of guardian's cap over features that hardly reflect the displaced Derbyshire miner. The mines are brought to the very lawn: Sir Clifford will find coal there, and revel in his own Crichel Down, if need be! The romance, without Lawrence or sex or Englishness, seems very faded indeed. The programme at the Curzon is retrieved by Denis Sanders' *A Time Out of War*, hitherto seen only at Edinburgh and South Bank: the perfect tragi-casual anecdote that so arrestingly puts its little finger on war and human nature.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

CO-EXISTENCE DIALOGUE

SIR,—Paul Johnson's "Co-existence Dialogue" was so vivid that I could almost imagine I was there—as chairman of the discussion! If I had been, I would perhaps have tried to check Lefty—a voluble fellow, who took 143 lines—and given more chance to Righty, who only got 50.

After listening to them both, I should certainly have been convinced that, with one more co-existential conversation, I could probably persuade these two Socialists to agree on foreign policy. For the differences between them are small.

Consider Lefty's views. He is a very New Look left-winger. He believes firmly in the Anglo-American alliance and accepts (much more wholeheartedly than I do) the American Strategic Air Force as the only effective defence of Britain. His precise disagreement with my own views is on two points. (1) He says that "we should propose to our Nato allies that the time has come to replace Nato with a mutual-defence treaty of the traditional kind." (2) He believes we can dispense with all ground troops in Europe and rely exclusively on the American bombers.

On the first of these points I suggest that, before he scraps it, Lefty might take a look at the North Atlantic Treaty. If he does, he will discover that it is a "mutual defence treaty of the traditional kind." Why, then, does he want to replace Nato with another treaty of exactly the same kind? He seems to be making the common confusion between the North Atlantic Treaty and Shape.

On the second point, he certainly has an arguable proposition, particularly when we consider (as we agree that we should) what will happen when a united Germany belongs neither to Nato nor to the Warsaw Pact. Lefty is right that this would produce strategic disadvantages for Shape's forces. But what is his remedy? To have no ground troops at all and decide that, "in the days when S.A.C. bombers require only six hours to be over Moscow," the American nuclear deterrent shall be our sole defence. Most people in the Pentagon would probably agree with this extreme position. What puzzles me is that he should regard it as a left-wing proposition and part of a truly Socialist foreign policy. I must say I prefer my own proposal—that we should drastically reduce the Shape forces, including the four British divisions now in Germany, but retain small ground forces in western Europe, even if they cannot be stationed in Germany, after the peace treaty.

However, I am encouraged by the narrowness of the gap which, according to Mr. Johnson, divides the Left and the Right of the Labour Party. If Righty is a typical right-winger, then the Labour Party has moved fast and far in the last twelve months. For a great deal of what he says would have been anathema in orthodox Labour circles a year ago.

What disappoints me about Lefty is that he seems to be upset by the fact that so many of his minority views have now been accepted by the majority. Can it be that he is one of those left-wingers who believe that any view automatically becomes right-wing as soon as the right wing agree to it? I at least am not prepared to attack policies I have advocated for years simply because they are now propounded by our official spokesmen.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons.

THE NEW RIGHT

SIR,—The recent spate of soul-searching among the "intellectuals" of the post-war generation is of great interest to students like myself, anxious to know what the social climate will be like when they go out into the world. It is presumptive for one still at university to enter this arena; but I do have the impression that the topics which arouse the passions of all from Miss Mitford and Lucky Jim to Jimmy Porter and Mr. Scott, hold little place in the thoughts of the present student generation. The recent "Redbrick" controversy was fought out between teaching or former members of the universities, not present undergraduates; here, it was the dons' magazine that held the Oxbridge banner aloft. The student body did indeed indulge in soul-searching; but this con-

cerned John Plod, the steady chap without cultural interests, rather than Lucky Jim. No one here bothers his mind about home and school background, let alone is envious, self-pitying, grimly conservative or pugnaciously assertive of them.

Is it true, then, that there has been a change from the left of the Thirties to the right of the post-war decade, its representatives, perhaps, the *Spectator* and Mr. George Scott, and its theme the welfare state? Is it not rather true that certain people have come forward and said, "We are the post-war generation—look out for us"? But are they? What really characterises the post-war social revolution (and appears both as its cause and its result) has been the great growth of travel abroad and contacts of every sort with foreign countries and people. It has been made possible by the wider extent—and scope—of education, and the consequent desire, and means, to see the life of others, i.e., by taking advantage of the welfare state and the country's undoubted prosperity, rather than arguing about it. There are few of my fellow students who have not visited several countries, speak their language and have many personal friends abroad. The desire to travel, not as sight-seeing tourists but to obtain an insight into the life of the country, has proved, through the common means of hitch-hiking, student hostels, *en famille* arrangements, etc., a more effective "class-leveller" than any positive political measures. Thus the "class-consciousness" of Mr. Scott is relevant to the present generation only in relation to other countries' systems.

Some aspects of the social scene in Britain today have been the causes of this international intercourse, some the results. Among the former can be classed the relatively low ties of family, the high degree of civil liberty, the early school (and home) leaving age and consequent higher incomes among the young. The results are a greater broadmindedness and general knowledge, a spirit of free-thinking and criticism of home institutions. In the future we can look to the disappearance of the petty insularity which gives our island perforce its unique characteristics, and the relaxation of some of the more firmly entrenched social taboos.

Mr. Scott, it seems, has no time for Mr. Spender and his middle-class, Spanish War associates. Yet Mr. Spender is now editing the one periodical which truly expresses the Fifties. *Encounter* has articles about foreign events and trends, is markedly internationalist in outlook, and is well aware of the new forces in society today; this country is discussed from a detached and comparative point of view; it is no accident that many of the contributors are intellectuals of the Thirties; for they have a lack of prejudice, an idealism and even an optimism which is, fortunately, peculiar to no particular period or persuasion. Mr. Scott has warned us about the future men of power; we might well be concerned at this threat, but luckily he shows a small sense of proportion over who is important and influential in a society and what they are thinking.

Magdalene College, Cambridge. DAVID WOOD

LOYALIST UPROAR

SIR,—Having read the letter of Mr. Garside regarding the meeting held by the Movement for Colonial Freedom at the Westminster Central Hall on June 8, I make the following statement.

With a friend, I attended this meeting and occupied a seat in the left-hand block, towards the front of the hall. After some heckling, Mr. Fenner Brockway announced that he had had warning of a plot by the League of Empire Loyalists to break up the meeting, and that if the interruptions continued the people making them would be removed from the meeting.

At the next interruption, Mr. Brockway made a movement with his right arm which appeared to me to be a signal to the stewards. A body of stewards then advanced upon three men who were occupying seats three rows in front of me. One of the stewards, a Negro of substantial proportions, aimed a vicious blow at a bearded man, who aimed a blow in return. Both blows, fortunately, failed to connect. This man was then dragged out.

I turned round and saw another man being carried out in a horizontal position, his arms and legs being held by two men. I could not see whether these men were stewards as they had their backs towards me. The other stewards were readily recognisable by the red ribbons that they wore on their lapels. When I turned to the front again, the two other hecklers had gone. The three men in front of me, and a man seated by himself towards the back of the hall, were the only sources of interruption, apart from a woman, seated on the extreme right, who asked a question, and who was booed by the entire audience.

At the conclusion of the meeting I asked the Chairman if he would take questions. I received no reply from Mr. Brockway, but was immediately surrounded by an excited crowd of, mostly, Indians, Africans, and Greek Cypriots, who were apparently looking forward to yet another bout of fisticuffs. One person, an Englishman, informed me that it was only my age that prevented him hitting me. There being no stewards present, however, I escaped physical violence, and the initial hostility of a number of the coloured people changed to agreement that an opportunity should have been given for questions.

If I may add some observations, I would like to say that this was quite the nastiest meeting that it has been my misfortune to attend. The needlessly violent ejection of hecklers, the booing of a woman, and refusal to take questions present to me a totalitarian picture completed by Mr. Garside's re-writing of history.

58 Prentis Road, S.W.16. W. WELSH

[Mr. Fenner Brockway comments: "The facts are these. The Secretary of the Movement for Colonial Freedom was informed by the police before the meeting that members of the League of Empire Loyalists were likely to cause a disturbance as they had done previously at meetings addressed by Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. David Marshall and Father Huddleston. Our stewards were told that they should intervene only at the request of the chairman. To prevent excitement of race feeling, we directed that action should be taken by white stewards only. These instructions were carried out. Unfortunately, members of the audience intervened; the stewards restrained them and in fact, in one instance, called in the police to protect one of the three persons ejected. As chairman of the meeting I gave a clear warning to interrupters, and did not instruct the stewards to act until it became clear that the object was not merely to heckle but to prevent the orderly continuation of the meeting. There were, of course, far more than five interrupters; the woman who was booed had repeatedly interrupted. Time was not permitted for questions because the meeting was a demonstration and not a discussion gathering. At a subsequent meeting, on the subject of Kenya, the Empire Loyalists repeated their attempt to break up the gathering, although full opportunity to put questions was promised and given."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BEN GREENE

SIR,—At the time when my father, Ben Greene, was released from Brixton Prison at the end of January, 1942, your paper was very outspoken in its comments on the grievous injustice which had been done to him. Now, after a period of fourteen years has elapsed, it would seem that the facts of the case have been so far forgotten that Mr. Andrew Roth has used the mere fact that he was detained under regulation 18b as a self-evident "smear" argument against this League.

May I ask you to remind your readers of the basic facts of the Greene case, which should come readily to the mind of all those who concern themselves with civil liberties? An unnaturalised alien thought fit to make certain allegations against my father on which the Home Secretary took action under Defence Regulation 18b. The alien in question did not give evidence on oath, nor was he ever asked to. Later he admitted quite shamelessly, both in the Courts of Law and outside, that he had been lying. When my father was released after a detention of 20 months the Home Office wrote him a letter in which they detailed the charges and informed him that they should now be regarded as withdrawn. In other words, it was admitted on all sides, and by you yourself at the time, that his imprisonment had been a ghastly mistake. It had, however, been a legal detention, and it has therefore been impossible for my father to clear his name by legal action. We have to rely on the good faith of journalists.

L. M. C. GREENE

The League of Empire Loyalists.

[We are glad to print Miss Greene's letter and regret our unfortunate lapse of memory.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHITE TILE OR RED PLUSH?

SIR,—No one would wish to deny Lord Peter Wimsey his place. But the fact that he has been—and can still be—"taken up" in this way, suggests that Mr. Raymond and others—if not Miss Sayers herself—have forgotten just what his literary status properly ought to be. Wimsey is not the Hercule Poirot of Miss Christie, for example. He runs closer to the bone of English society than that. . . .

Miss Sayers, of course, offers Mr. Raymond an excellent opportunity for another guarded sneer at the Leavises and the values which, for twenty lean years, *Scrutiny* struggled to redefine. We knew we would come to this. "Her sentence of excommunication" is one of those cliché attitudes assumed currently by those who feel themselves in some way justified—if not safe—now that *Scrutiny* no longer appears regularly. "The sledgehammer," Mr. Raymond complains, "was brought out to crush a butterfly." But if Miss Sayers is unimportant, how can Mr. Raymond proceed to take her work and the work of Mrs. Leavis as the two points of reference for surveying "our present literary discontents"? Was this not just *the point* of a journal like *Scrutiny* giving its time to a consideration of the literary and cultural *implications* of Lord Peter's vagaries?—the sense that, even if his values could be kept by Miss Sayers to the confines of middle-brow literature, there were others who would take him, and his ethos, and the values that implied, more seriously than that? For Mr. Raymond's literary history is accurate: Lord Peter *does* lead on, through Wodehouse to Waugh—

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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through the Waugh of *Brideshead Revisited* to the Waugh of *Officers and Gentlemen*—to the Waugh that *can* be moved to "an agony of indecision about social status" by the "light-hearted essays" of Miss Nancy Mitford. Mr. Raymond cannot afford to complain about the (easily documented) "ripe state of triviality" of current English fiction, if he is hoping at the same time to throw dust in the eyes of the "kill-joys" of the "Literary left" whose task, whatever he might think, *was* to define a tradition of writing and a corpus of values which could, at the very least, give us some sense of just how "trivial" we had become.

12 Richmond Road, Oxford. STUART M. HALL
ALAN S. HALL

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOCIALISM

SIR,—In his review of *Twentieth Century Socialism* G. D. H. Cole makes the point "that it is most undesirable to concentrate all power in the hands of the state, and that universal state Socialism would be a system most perilous to human freedom". He goes on to say "I agree that there should be many different and complementary forms of social ownership and administration, of which Co-operative ownership and administration are among the most important".

In the long and agonising reappraisal of Socialist ideas which continues, and of which the recent books by Socialist Union and Mr. Strachey are the latest results, little enough attention is, surely, being given to the contribution of the "Co-operative sector" in a developing Socialist society. In this respect Mr. Cole is himself almost isolated among the intellectual left. No one can accuse him of not recognising the significance of Co-operative experience and Co-operative principles to ideas about social ownership. For the rest, now that Harold Laski has gone, Co-operation awaits a new generation of Socialist intelligentsia for its proper recognition.

Meanwhile, since the end of the war, the Co-operative Party has been assembling a body of ideas which have strict relevance to a number of problems which Socialists face: the extension of social ownership and the role of various forms of social ownership in a "mixed system"; the distribution of power in such a mixed economy; the stimulation of democracy at the community level, and the importance of voluntary association and local government in this; the lines along which local government may be reorganised to regain powers and prestige now lost to Whitehall and *ad hoc* forms of regional government; the participation of consumers and workers in ownership and control both in public corporations and in small-scale industry.

HAROLD CAMPBELL

The Co-operative Party,
56 Victoria St., S.W.1.

RELIGIOUS BROADCASTS

SIR,—As a minister of the Church of Scotland my views are quite opposed to those of Mrs. Knight, but my care for Christianity leads me to support and share her complaint.

One can understand the difficulties facing the B.B.C., but not its lack of courage. For the listener knows in advance that no programme will contain anything contentious or controversial or doctrinal or difficult or offensive to the most delicate susceptibilities—and for these reasons little of intelligent interest. The resulting orthodoxy will have lost the creative ferment of a living religion. As it is constituted, the B.B.C. would deny its microphone to every religious leader from Moses to Martin Luther, the founder of the religion it professes not excepted. It permits the lauding of Schweitzer if his views of the New Testament are excluded from his achievements.

The answer is the provision of more programmes. In Scotland there are now three ministers engaged in organising them, but if sincerity is not restored by granting freedom of expression to all opinions, reasonable or otherwise, main stream or up-creek, it profiteth nothing. Freedom is the first principle of Christianity and of honesty. A. Q. MORTON

St. Andrew's Manse,
Fraserburgh.

STREAMLINING THE B.B.C.

SIR,—When Mr. Driberg writes: "It would be a mistake to think of Sound Radio as a frail dowager fighting a losing battle against the bailiffs" one must take notice because he is an extremely able, well-informed critic, but, alas, his evidence of that striking claim is that the B.B.C. broadcasts in English and 43 other languages throughout the world for about 80 hours every day. That sounds magnificent, but without any evidence as to the numbers of people throughout the world who *listen* to these broadcasts it is not convincing.

The only sensible course, as I see it, is for the B.B.C. to streamline all these external broadcasts—for which we are paying either by licence fee or direct taxation—by concentrating on those areas where in fact there is a known demand or a known possibility for exploitation.

If the B.B.C. is to survive, it must exert all its efforts to reduce the tremendous lead its competitors in television have gained. If it fails here, then in a very few years it will be clear to all that the public is being asked to subsidise a service which only a small minority use; and, when that day comes, the whole economic structure of the B.B.C. will be blown sky high, for it will be recognised as an expedient necessary in the 1920s and completely irrelevant in the 1950s.

4 Darnley Terrace, St. James's Gardens, W.11. JOHN IRWIN

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—Mrs. Crosfield is propounding a curious thesis. She claims that "none of us Africans on the spot is objecting to segregated sleeping and eating, now." But if they don't *object* to segregation now, why should they object to (i.e., disapprove of) it in the future? Surely it is the principle of the thing which must be judged; and if it is right now, I can't see why it should be wrong 50 years hence—that is to say, unless Mrs. Crosfield accepts as relevant (which she does not appear to do) Dr. Adams' arguments about polygamy, food, and hygiene.

Mrs. Crosfield also expresses a confidence in the inevitable victory of the liberal forces in Central Africa which I would scarcely have expected to come from her, a South African. She says: "We'll wa't for the sleeping and eating. It is as simple as that.i' That is precisely what the liberally-minded men of 1909 believed and hoped would happen when the Union of South Africa was being created. They had only to sit and wait, and the liberal spirit of the Cape would permeate the whole country. Mrs. Crosfield should know that this did not happen. It has not happened. Why should we be so complacent that it will necessarily happen in Central Africa? And is there any chance of it ever happening if Africans in those parts do not express now their strongest objection to the doctrine of *herrenvolk*?

Fortunately, from what I have heard expressed by a few Central Africans whom I have met here and at Makerere, I know that Mrs. Crosfield exaggerates when she claims to speak for all the Africans concerned.

King's College, Cambridge. A. K. MAYANJA

DREAM LITERATURE

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the earnest foreigners at the PEN Congress will not believe Mr. Pritchett when he says, for example, that there is no "dream literature" in Great Britain. Presumably he doesn't like our kind, so, naturally, it doesn't exist. Tolkien's ring-bearers and orcs are, perhaps, not fancy enough. He forgets Wyndham Lewis' *Childermass* and its sequel. He couldn't be seen reading science fiction, the dream of today, even a book with so little physics and chemistry as Clark's *Childhood's End*. He probably never read the very early Gwyn Thomas, and he hates Neil Gunn's *The Green Isle of the Great Deep*. This book brings other fish out of the pool of the subconscious than Kafka's, but big fish they are. Had it been translated from the Yongi of Mr. Bongi Bo, it would no doubt have had New Statesmanly encouragement, but, as it is written by a Highlander, it is dismissed as Celtic whimsy.

NAOMI MITCHISON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The World of Homer

OUR own Dark Ages are dark enough: those of ancient Greece are darker still. What happened in those four centuries between the crumbling of Mycenæan civilisation and the sudden rebirth of Greek culture? Not so much as a monkish chronicle glimmers through that night. Mycenæ we know. We know it, imaginatively, from its heroic myths: that great tapestry from whose shreds half the great tragedies of the world have been composed. We know it in a more real sense as its great palaces are explored and its new records deciphered. But when it had fallen—and its fall is itself mysterious—we are suddenly in the dark. Four centuries later, when we hear the first contemporary voice, we find ourselves in an altogether new world. All the old magnificence is gone. The heroic age is a distant myth. We are in the fifth age of men, the "iron age" of stagnant, rural poverty. "Would that it were not my lot to live among this fifth generation of men, but had either died first or might be born later; for this is the Iron Age, when day and night we are wasted by toil and suffering. . . ." It is the voice of Hesiod, the cantankerous, taboo-ridden peasant, nagging his idle brother on a squalid Bœotian farm.

Homer is the poet of Mycenæan splendour; Hesiod the first, last, only poet of the Greek Dark Age. So we easily generalise. But when, in fact, did Homer write—or, rather (to escape the snort of the scholar), when were the Homeric poems composed and recited in the form in which they were afterwards written down? Their subject, their heroes, their geography, their apparatus are Mycenæan. But what about those breastplates, that iron, those numerous un-Mycenæan details which earlier scholars, to preserve the Mycenæan virtue of the poet, had to write off as later "interpolations"? Unfortunately, we cannot stop there. Homer, says Mr. Finley, "knew where the Mycenæan civilisation flourished, and his heroes lived in great Bronze Age palaces unknown in his own day. And that is virtually all he knew about Mycenæan times, for the catalogue of his errors is very long". So he lists them. Homer's arms, though "persistently cast in antiquated bronze", are post-Mycenæan in form. "His gods had temples and the Mycenæans built none, whereas the latter constructed great vaulted tombs in which to bury their chieftains and the poet cremates his." And then there are the battle-chariots. "Homer had heard of them, but he did not really visualise what one did with chariots in a war. So his heroes normally drove from their tents a mile or less away, carefully dismounted, and then proceeded to battle on foot."

In fact, it now seems agreed, the Homeric poems were composed in the Dark Age. Recited over many generations, their pedigree may stretch back to Mycenæ; it may be that it was in the courts of diminished Mycenæan dynasties that they were handed on—for such dynasties survived here and there in Ægæan islands, like Roman villas in barbarian Europe, preserving fragments of past culture. But the society around them had changed and changed radically. Homer may tell Mycenæan stories; his *dramatis personæ* and his stage properties may be Mycenæan; but his basic assumptions are far more modern. The social conditions which he reflects are those not of Mycenæ, nor indeed of his own time (for in traditional poetry there is always a certain time-lag), but of the 10th or 9th century B.C.—deep in the Dark Age.

Once this is admitted, what a field for deduction is open! The superficial anachronisms can be pared away and the society of the Dark Age laid open. Of course there is room for argument. The Iliad and the Odyssey are sundered in time and space, and there are varying degrees of anachronism. But Mr. Finley faces these risks boldly, and the result is a most exciting, most readable book*. He has filled a gap in history, reconstructed an era, a society, a culture that seemed lost, and done it—what adds a relish to his achievement—not in a remote Polynesian island or from the mute evidence of stones, but in a crucial stage of our European history, and from the two greatest, best-known epic poems in the world.

And what kind of a society was it? First, he makes clear, it was a very shrunken society. The Lords of Pylos and Mycenæ, whose economy is newly being revealed to us, had a "centralised bureaucratic social organisation"; they had writing and records; and these records reveal an economic development which makes the later, illiterate, world of Homer, though equally Greek, seem primitive by comparison.

> The poet exaggerates whenever numbers come in—of slaves and heroes and gold tripods and cattle—yet his overblown figures are tiny compared with the quantities inscribed on the (Mycenæan) tablets. The lords of Mycenæ . . . controlled far more extensive holdings in land and cattle and slaves (male as well as female) than the heroes who fought at Homer's Troy, and they organised their work on their properties through an elaborate bureaucratic hierarchy of men and operations, requiring inventories and memoranda and managerial controls; but Eumæus could carry the inventory of Odysseus' livestock in his head. Something like one hundred different agricultural and industrial occupations have apparently been identified on the tablets, each with its own word, and Homer only knew of a dozen or so. It was not merely a matter of the poet's having no occasion to mention other occupations; that society had no place for them, as it had no place for tenants or foremen or scribes. The difference between the two societies was in structure, not merely in scale or dimension.

Within this shrunken society what was the social and economic unit? It was, says Mr. Finley, the οἶκος, the household of a chief. Everyone had his status determined by his relationship to the household, whose basis was the family, but which incorporated also a hierarchy of attendants and slaves. Only within the system of the household and the family were there bonds of loyalty or obligation; and so the most wretched of all men was not the slave, who had his status in the system, but the θής, the casual day labourer who had not: the wandering, rootless man who hired himself where he could and belonged nowhere. When Achilles, among the Shades, deplored the state of the dead, it was not the slave but the day-labourer whose plight, at its worst, he preferred to kingship over all the tribes of the dead.

This household, family system, with its limited obligations, is reflected in politics and war. When a city or country was attacked by foreign raiders, then, indeed, its inhabitants united to strike back, as all Troy, not merely Priam and his house, struck back at the Achæan invaders. But "it was Menelaus who was aggrieved by the flight of Helen, not Sparta; it was his brother Agamemnon who assumed leadership of the war of reprisal, not Mycenæ; it was Amphimedon and Odysseus to whom Agamemnon appealed for assistance, not Ithaca". And when Odysseus finally came home and fought his great battle with the usurping suitors of Penelope, he could count on no support from his subjects. He had no "subjects", only a household. "The king could count on no one but his wife, his son and his faithful slaves."

What kind of royalty was this, in which every great household was an independent centre and there was no political obligation? Clearly it was an aristocracy, and the power of the kings was a personal ascendancy, precariously maintained—as they discovered when they returned from Troy. Nestor and Menelaus might smoothly resume their rule in Pylos and Sparta; but in Mycenæ Agamemnon was murdered by an usurper, and in Ithaca Odysseus, who had secured power at the expense of his father, found himself faced by a conspiracy not merely of subject nobles, but of other "kings". As his son remarked, "here in sea-girt Ithaca there are many other kings among the Achæans, young and old, one of whom may take the place of Odysseus, since he is dead". Kingship in fact was merely personal: the accidental primacy of one family in the aristocracy which was permanent. It was so in heaven as on earth. Zeus was recognised as King on Olympus, but he had had to fight for his position; and like a somewhat undignified Hanoverian king, he was reduced to persuasion and patronage to get his way with the fractious whig oligarchy of gods over whom he impatiently presided.

Of course, if the aristocracy was permanent, that was because the economic structure made it permanent. Every important οἶκος, like a monastery in our Dark Ages, was self-sufficient, based on land; and once the system had been established, it was frozen in caste-like rigidity. There was no social mobility, no trade (that was left to Phœnicians), no possibility of new fortunes, or therefore of new nobles. Only in one substance did this society feel the need of imports, and that was in metal. Metal could justify even trade. "Even a king could honourably voyage in its search. When Athena appeared to Telemachus as Mentes, the Taphian chieftain, her story was that she was carrying iron to Temesa in quest of copper. That gave no difficulties." But when one of the Phæacians suggested that Odysseus was a mer-

* *The World of Odysseus*. By M. I. FINLEY. *Chatto & Windus*. 15*s*.

chant, what a rumpus followed! Nor was it only for tools that metal was needed; in that static society, in which morality too was static, reduced to a set of conventional responses, metal was needed also for a great social convention which criss-crossed the Homeric world, binding household to household in an ever-widening system: the interchange of gifts.

Everyone who reads Homer is aware of the regular, almost ritual exchange of gifts. In the most fascinating part of his book, Mr. Finley has shown the essential character of this operation. The giving of "gifts" or "treasure" was, in Homeric Greece as in the Trobriand Islands, the only regular economic activity; it was also the badge of status, the nexus of obligation among equals. Gifts have economic value, of course, and this economic value is carefully estimated: but it is estimated as the concrete and therefore only intelligible expression of their real value, which is symbolic—symbolic of status. For of course if a man has accumulated a great store of gifts, it is unquestionable that he has given as much—exactly as much, neither more nor less. So, architecturally, the heart of the οἶκος, the symptom of its greatness, is the store-room, piled with gold and copper, not for use but for giving away, as it had been received, as gifts. "No single detail in the life of the heroes", says Mr. Finley, "receives so much attention in the Iliad and the Odyssey as gift-giving, and always there is a frank reference to the adequacy, appropriateness, recompense". It was a kind of trade, but one that was motivated by imports only, never by exports. "There was never a need to export as such, only the necessity of having the proper goods for the counter-gift when an import was unavoidable". Nor was it aimed at economic profit, but entirely at status, which, in spite of all that Marx has said, perhaps still remains the *primum mobile* of social man, at least of those who are above the starvation line.

But what of those who live on that line? Homer hardly refers to them. But who pays for these gifts? It is Alcinous, King of Phæacia, Homer's ideal of kingship, who lets the cat out of the bag. "Come now", he tells his nobles at dinner as they speed the parting guest, "let us give him a great tripod and a cauldron; and we in turn shall gather among the people and be recompensed, for it is burdensome for one person to give without recompense". Homer makes no comment. He takes it all for granted. Besides, he is a royalist: it was at the courts of kings that he and his fellow poets were retained. But we happen also to have another view. Hesiod, the peasant poet, saw the same system from the underside. To him, with his radical NEW STATESMAN querulity, kings were predatory hawks, oppressors of the people, and his regular word for them is δωροφάγοι, "consumers of gifts".

They did not consume them much longer. Already, in Homer's and Hesiod's day, royalty, that precarious primacy, was foundering, and the more permanent aristocracy at its base, no less oppressive, was asserting itself throughout the Hellenic world. And yet even that, it soon seemed, was not so permanent after all. Suddenly, with the enriching contact of the East, with the discovery of coinage and the renewal of trade, the Greek Dark Ages, like ours, came to an end. On the ruins of royalty and aristocracy alike, mercantile and military tyrants inaugurated a new age, an age in which there was no longer any room for old-fashioned epic poetry. But let us not be ungrateful. The great mercantile tyrant of Athens put all Europe in his debt. Having driven Homer out of business, he preserved him for posterity; he caused the Iliad and the Odyssey, which might otherwise have been lost for ever, to be written down.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Fallen Bird

As I was walking home tonight,
The common white with snow,
Speculating on my life, its ebb and flow,
There fell at my feet
A frozen bird and lay there white.

In death so beautiful, still
And beak and eye bright, fixed
Open as if in song when winter kissed
Its heart and pulled the strings
Until they snapped and cut the will.

Nothing is new, change must end
In death that every winter draws
A thousand singing birds with sudden claws
Down from the bitter sky
To make their destined end.

O gentle bird, my hand holds
The shell of your song, as my life
Is held by hands that juggle with the knife
Of love and death, and know
The point where my life into your death folds.

FREDERICK BRADNUM

How Capitalism Was Preserved

Contemporary Capitalism. By JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

British Socialists have reversed the dictum of Marx. Under the Labour Government they were so busy changing the world that they had no time to understand it. The generation which should have succeeded Tawney, Laski and Cole as teachers and theorists, was swept into practical politics. True, Mr. Bevan after his resignation in 1951 produced a rough-hewn torso of democratic Socialism. But the task of digesting the lessons of the Labour Government was left to a few American social scientists. As for any serious analysis of modern capitalism, it went by default.

This lack of a corpus of Socialist literature partly explains the appalling decline in the quality of discussion inside the Labour Party. Fruitful discussion of the next stage of Socialism is unlikely when there is no basic agreement on the nature of the problems to be solved. Moreover Labour's top-level leadership is now composed exclusively of busy men of affairs. When they meet to formulate new policies, the most they can do is to discuss documents presented to them by their derisorily small research units. The ex-Ministers present rely on fading and often irrelevant memories of their departments; the trade unionists are mainly concerned to protect the interests of their own organisations. Uneasily aware that this is a superficial way of rethinking Socialism, they rout round the back of their minds for the recollections which survive from the days when they were young enough to read books and discuss principles. Time, however, has done its job. Too often theory has become myth and principle has degenerated into the clichés of an oft-repeated peroration.

British Socialists laud "the empirical approach", but there is no creature in the world less empirical than they. Empiricism is a sceptical philosophy which holds that scientific method can be applied to politics. But in the Labour Party the word is frequently used to describe a mind closed to new ideas, suspicious of scientific method and fearful lest its prejudices be exposed in the light of theoretical discussion.

The only cure for this bogus empiricism is a diet of theory. In *Contemporary Capitalism* John Strachey has provided an astringent first dose. Here is Part I of a theory of Socialism, based on mid-twentieth century data, as rigorously abstract, as bulky and far more readable than *Das Kapital*. Mr. Strachey has asked himself what Marx would have written had he lived in the epoch not of 1848 but of 1917; had he studied not the early capitalism of Lancashire but the late capitalism of Texas; had his liberal forerunner been not Ricardo but J. M. Keynes. What impudence even to formulate such a question! What arrogance to attempt such an answer! Yet until the question is correctly formulated and the answer attempted, the Labour Party will not regain its sense of direction. Thank heavens that Mr. Strachey has risked his ex-Ministerial reputation by writing the first serious book on Socialism since the war.

Those readers who share my ignorance of economics should begin by studying Mr. Strachey's conclusions which are brilliantly summarised in his second and fourteenth chapters. First he lists the seven major differences which distinguish contemporary capitalism from the system Marx described, then he argues that the two Marxian predictions—the inevitable collapse of capitalism and the increasing misery of the proletariat—were falsified by a wrong assumption about democracy. Marx assumed that since economic forces were supreme, democracy was a mere superstructure which made no real difference. The science of economics by itself could provide the key to world history.

Actually economics is not the master science but an abstract study of a hypothetical system which has never existed. In real life political and economic forces are inextricably interrelated and the only proper study of economic development is what Mill described as Political Economy. Marx's predictions proved absurdly wrong because he underestimated the significance of political power. In Russia it is the monopoly control of political power which enables the Communists to hold down living standards and accelerate industrial development. Western democracy, with its division of power, has had the reverse effect. It has enabled the masses to increase their living standards at the cost of capital accumulation. Marx rightly saw that capitalism has an inherent tendency towards over-accumulation. What he overlooked were the political factors working against this tendency—the pressure group, the trade union and the Party system. By exploiting the institutions of democracy, the farmer has made himself a vested interest; the industrial worker has increased his real wage and won a modicum of leisure; and the people as a whole have gained from the capitalist class the expensive security of the welfare state. It is democracy in fact which has prevented the collapse of capitalism; and in the process has transformed its character.

Mr. Strachey's vindication of democracy can be pressed even further. The only countries where Marx's prediction of increasing misery has actually been fulfilled are those under one-party rule. For here the rate of capital investment and the degree of working-class misery are matters which the rulers alone decide. In a contemporary democracy, however, the self-destructive tendency is not excessive accumulation but excessive consumption. When the worker can use his vote to choose between a new council house and a new iron foundry, he unerringly chooses the former.

Mr. Strachey only hints in one passage at this paradox. Elsewhere he argues that democracy is only just strong enough to check the fatal tendency towards over-accumulation; and he reminds us how small was the redistribution of wealth achieved even by the Labour Government.

Indeed he states that there is an inherent conflict between democracy and capitalism which must be resolved by an advance to complete Socialism. It is here my doubts begin. Mr. Strachey's study of Keynes has enabled him to overcome the obvious errors of the Marxism he once propounded, but he has not transcended his Marxist obsession with economics and he devotes far too much of his book to a sketch of economic theory from Marx to Keynes, including a long account of the Labour Theory of Value. For an economist no doubt this is quite a good way of clearing one's own mind. But Mr. Strachey, on his own account, now believes that political factors count for as much as economic factors.

The trouble is that he does not put this theory into practice in his analysis of capitalism and democracy. He treats political theory as though it did not exist; and when he deals with political institutions and the nature of political power he writes as follows:

> A short definition of contemporary democracy, which at least points towards its essential feature—and no definition can do more—is this: contemporary democracy is the diffusion of power throughout the community. And the diffusion of power pushed further and further points in turn towards the elimination of power. . . . In the multidimensional geometry of politics the democratic line approaches, even if only asymptotically, the curve of ideal liberty.

This definition lacks the elegant precision of Mr. Strachey's economic formulations. Moreover, it confuses an ideal with a natural tendency. Certainly the diffusion of power is an ideal of some if not of all democrats. But can we call it "the essential feature of contemporary democracy"? In another passage Mr. Strachey himself gives the answer when he observes that in Whitehall, the Press, the trade unions and the Parties power is being concentrated in fewer and fewer hands just as fast as it is in industry. There is no conflict between contemporary capitalism and contemporary democracy. On the contrary they are working together, driving us away from the Jeffersonian ideal of dispersed political power and small economic units towards a centralised political economy managed by a new oligarchy.

Occasionally Mr. Strachey admits that this problem exists, but he pays it scant attention, and tells us airily that constitutions are matters of secondary importance. All experience seems to show, however, that since the natural tendency of contemporary democracy is towards oligarchy we must be concerned to counteract this tendency by constitutional reforms and political action deliberately designed to promote the diffusion of power. If we are to achieve democratic Socialism, Parliamentary control of the executive, safeguards for minorities within trade unions and Parties and the proper balance between central and local government are just as important objectives as the redistribution of wealth or the extension of public ownership. That is what the Socialists and Communists with whom I talked a few weeks ago in Poland have learnt by bitter experience. It is also the conclusion which should follow from Mr. Strachey's own critique of Marx. In *Contemporary Capitalism*, however, he has still not completed the intellectual revolution which this critique involves. That no doubt will come later. For Mr. Strachey is thinking aloud and that is precisely what makes him a great Socialist teacher.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

English Poets

The Chatto Book of Modern Poetry, 1915-1955. Edited By C. DAY LEWIS and JOHN LEHMANN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The case against anthologies was put, one would have thought unanswerably, by Miss Riding and Mr. Graves in their famous pamphlet. But that was thirty years ago, and one's bound to admit it has had precious little effect. Poetry slumps, but anthologies continue to soar: the public will take poetry only when predigested and packaged over the imprint of a famous name. Here are two famous names, and, within the limits they have imposed upon themselves, they have done about as good a job of packaging as could be expected. That is to say, *The Chatto Book* contains no startling revaluation of the course of English poetry during the past forty years, nor is it a critical anthology, indicating a new path for young poets, as was Michael Roberts's *Faber Book*, the most potent collection of our time. But Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Lehmann have not anthologised from the anthologies, they have gone to the poets themselves, and the reader who knows, for example, de la Mare and Davies only from anthology-pieces will get a very different and much more accurate notion of their talent from these pages than he has had before. How good, too, to see certain poets given something like their due at last: Binyon, Charlotte Mew, Norman Cameron, E. J. Scovell, James Reeves and above all, perhaps, that fine astringent symbolist Edgell Rickword, represented here by *The Cascade* and the superb *Rimbaud in Africa*. The one serious omission seems to me to be Charles Madge.

Obviously, I very largely share the distinguished editors' tastes; yet once again I find myself assailed by doubts about the whole value of anthologies. Selection distorts. The poets of the period who have meant most to me, who have been my constant reading year in year out, are Hardy, Graves and (if Mr. Graves will forgive me) Yeats and Auden. They are allotted here six, six, seven and six poems apiece. Mr. Norman Nicholson and Mr. Roy Fuller are each represented by four poems. Now I read both these poets with pleasure and respect; they seem to me excellent and honest minor poets of a kind no age can have too many of and this has not enough of. Yet there is plainly a whole world of difference, in profundity, achievement and sheer poetic genius, between them and the older poets I have mentioned, each of whose poems anthologised here could have been replaced by ten equally good, and who, over the years, have become for their admirers "lamps

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for my gloom, hands guiding where I stumble".

And then there are the limitations of the anthology. They are self-imposed; and I wish Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Lehmann had restricted themselves less.

> We have excluded writers who, when we made our final selection, had not reached the age of thirty: more time is needed before we can see the verse of the youngest generation in perspective, or judge its merits fairly.

Imagine a similar anthology published in 1936 and not including samples of Auden, Empson, MacNeice or Spender because they had not then reached the age of thirty: it would have been a travesty, and the editors would now be laughing-stocks. No doubt we have no young poets at present who have affected the sensibility of the age in any way comparable with Auden and Spender and Empson twenty years ago, but it seems absurd to pretend that one hasn't read poems in collections and in the magazines by such writers as Miss Jennings, Mr. John Holloway and Mr. Donald Davie as good as many printed here.

Another self-limitation of the editors is even more serious. "We have also excluded American and other English-speaking poets from overseas". (In point of fact, they havn't: Mr. Eliot is here, and so is Mr. Auden, and so is Mr. Roy Campbell, to say nothing of such nicer cases as W. J. Turner and Mr. F. T. Prince.) Isn't it time we stopped being insular and pretending English poetry is only that written in this island? After all, the most decisive influences on our poetry in this century have been American and Irish. So far as our poetry is concerned, there is no longer, in any narrow sense, any purest well of English undefiled; and if Eliot and Auden have their place in this anthology they could appear, equally logically, in an American counterpart. The real trouble is, to anyone acquainted with poetry on both sides of the Atlantic, this collection must appear a trifle parochial. I do not see how it is possible to think English poetry has been in a particularly vigorous state since the Thirties. The talents that emerged then still largely dominate the scene. In America it has been rather different, and the inclusion, in this anthology, of poets like Miss Elizabeth Bishop, Mr. Robert Lowell and Mr. Randall Jarrell would have provided a measuring rod by which to assess the younger writers represented. Good as *The Chatto Book* is, one can't help feeling an opportunity has been missed.

WALTER ALLEN

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Friend of Man

My Dog Tulip. By J. R. ACKERLEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is no field of writing where whimsey has ruled for so long unchallenged as that of dog literature. And such is the power of art, even bad art, that one is almost ashamed to own a dog, much less to admit the extravagant affection which these beautiful and devoted creatures inspire. So Mr. Ackerley is performing a real service in writing about his Alsatian bitch a book which is not afraid of sentiment but which doesn't lacerate the sensibilities of intelligent dog-owners. Indeed he uses the shock tactics of going to the other extreme. It is the sensibilities of the conventional dog-lover he is in danger of lacerating; the whimsies may well be horrified by the loving interest Mr. Ackerley takes in his bitch's natural processes.

If so charming, amusing an essay as *My Dog Tulip* can be said to have a thesis, it would be that the average dog-lover loves his dog all wrong, or for the wrong reasons. He concentrates exclusively on the near-human traits, the affection and devotion, and shuts his attention off from the fact that a dog's life consists largely in the pleasure of its natural functions. And it is to the study of these sometimes embarrassing but often endearing processes that Mr. Ackerley addresses himself, observing them with a tender and charming indulgence.

> It always pleases me to see her perform this physical act. She lowers herself carefully and gradually into a tripodal attitude with her hind legs splayed and her heels as far apart as she can get them so as not to soil her fur or her feet. Her long tail, usually carried aloft in a curve, unrolls and stretches rigidly out parallel with the ground . . . Her ears lie back, her head cranes forward, and a mild, meditative look settles on her face.

From the chapter entitled "Liquids and Solids," Mr. Ackerley goes on to an account of his attempts to get his handsome and well-bred bitch suitably mated. Tulip's all too obvious frustration at every heat persuaded him that he must find her a husband. There was no difficulty in getting hold of owners who were ready and willing to let their dogs give their services; the difficulty was in getting Tulip to accept them. The sexual mechanism of dogs is so similar to the human that many are as ignorant as Mr. Ackerley was himself of the no less essential differences. Amateur matchmaking proved no less frustrating for Tulip than chastity, and Mr. Ackerley has an instinct, sound no doubt, against the brusque and brutal methods of the professional stud. After several unsuccessful attempts, delightfully described, he gave up the attempt to have her matched. But one day of one heat, when she was being courted by the mongrel next door, he refrained from interfering, indeed he actively assisted in the rites, and Tulip became a mother.

The passage in which Mr. Ackerley describes this event is, for the frank-minded, wholly charming. Tulip whelped five days before her time, when she was alone in the flat. Her master returned and instead of the accustomed tumultuous welcome, there was a quite unaccustomed silence. She was lying in the box prepared for her with three rat-like shapes at her teats. There were five more to come, one on the way at this moment:

> She was licking and nosing this package out of herself, severing the umbilical cord, releasing the tiny creature from its tissues and eating up the after-birth. In a few seconds she had accomplished all these tasks and was guiding her fourth child to her teats, cleansing it on the way. It was a marvellous sight, to me very affecting. But I think that to anyone who did not know and love her as I did, it must have been a solemn and moving thing to see this beautiful animal, in the midst of the first labour of her life, performing upon herself, with no help but unerringly, as though directed by some divine wisdom, the delicate and complicated business of creation.

My Dog Tulip is not, then, for the squeamish pet-lover who, in anxiety for his own or his children's delicacies, is repelled by dogs' bodily activities. It is the observing of these with a tender, indulgent and loving eye that makes the peculiar pleasure of this delightful little book.

T. C. WORSLEY

In the Steps of Miss Stark

Europa Minor. By LORD KINROSS. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Though it is now possible to travel with reasonable freedom in Turkey they still like to look at your letters of credit rather often. Not perhaps as closely as a hundred years ago when a Frenchman was told that he could indeed use his *firman* to enter the castle at Budrum but warned that the document made no mention of egress. One of the pleasures of Lord Kinross's book is that we meet again that favourite character in non-fiction, Mr. David Balfour, the Consul-General of Smyrna. This admirable Great Briton of an older world is at his grandest when under arrest. Outraged by questioning at Loryma during an earlier voyage in the company of Miss Freya Stark, he towered above a more menacing situation when surprised in his bathing shorts with Lord Kinross at Patara, without even the yacht *Elfin* and her red ensign in the offing.

It is sad that neither Miss Stark nor Lord Kinross should mention the other, though they followed in each other's footsteps—in the very same bunk in *Elfin*—and their books appear in the same summer in identical elegance from John Murray. There was no need for jealousy. For where Miss Stark made a short-fall in aiming at a poetic history of the fourth century and achieved a moving travel book, Lord Kinross, who confronts Turkey with wit and intelligence rather than philosophy, and writes as a higher angel of the journalists rather than an occasional poet, secures a long-fall in his plain intention to enjoy himself and to be entertaining and informative. He cannot disguise a certain disappointment at the quality of popular life in Anatolia. The Turks, having endured 300 years of being mocked by the Greeks who ran their commerce and shipping for them under the empire, drove them into the sea when they tried to re-establish colonialism in the Twenties, and thereafter firmly exchanged expatriate populations. Now the ruins—surely the most dramatic in the world—of the 100 great cities of Asia Minor lie among the villages of a people who are interesting in a completely different way. In the Greeks we meet a not-self we should like to be, vivacious, wine-drinking, inquisitive, disobedient; in the Turks, men who enjoy being like ourselves, soldierly, stolid, spirit-drinking-on-the-side, and obedient to bureaucratic good intentions. Everyone likes them, but if one is going to be interested it must be in a slow-going revolution from illiteracy to television through distributism and the value of cotton and chrome.

Lord Kinross has an eye for the nice detail, past or present—the clever dogs of Budrum who used to rescue Christian slaves from the surrounding country, detecting them by their holier scent, or the old man at Pammukale who wears his American watch upside down so that he can consult the works. With antiquities he is indefatigable and brilliantly competent, summarising the authorities with elegant irony. We leave him enjoying patriarchal high-life in Istanbul after a journey in which his care to be civilised, friendly and unobtrusive has been wonderfully endearing.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Walking the Tightrope

The Pursuit of Freedom. By PIERRE MENDÈS-FRANCE. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

This account of Mendès-France's wartime adventures can be read at two levels. First, as a plain thriller. Mendès-France was a young Radical deputy, on leave from his air-station in the Levant when France fell. Along with some 40 other anti-defeatist deputies, he went to North Africa in the hope that the war could be carried on from there. But, after a few weeks of hesitation, the North African commanders swung round to Vichy, and Mendès-France was arrested and shipped back to France on a charge of desertion. There was no real evidence against him, but he was a Jew, a left-wing deputy and a member of the hated Blum government—quite enough to secure his conviction under what Claudel called "the regime of heroes". He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment on the formal charge of having been absent from his unit for three hours. Entirely unaided, he contrived a carefully planned and brilliantly executed escape, and eventually made his way to London. The material is exciting, the story is well, if plainly, told. It should appeal even to those to whom French politics are a distasteful labyrinth.

But for those to whom the behaviour of French public men offers a fascinating key to the dark corners of the human heart, the book has an added interest. Reading the account of Mendès-France's trial, I was disturbed to note how much it has in common with the famous *affaire Dides*—also known as the *affaire des fuites*—recently concluded in the French courts amid howls of dismay from the Left. There was the same disregard for the forms of legality; the same partiality of the court, determined to secure a conviction at all costs; Maître Tixier-Vignancour dominated the courtroom with a mastery which Colonel Degache, who prosecuted Mendès-France, was never able to achieve; but the motive forces of the two men were the same: anti-Semitism and hatred of democracy. In both cases, documents vital for the defence mysteriously disappeared. In both, the final sentences were flagrantly unjust. Yet Mendès-France's trial took place under a dictatorship; Labrusse and Turpin were condemned under the ægis of a republican government dominated by Socialists! Only the political issues were reversed. Mendès-France was sentenced as a patriot, a man who wanted to carry on "the hopeless struggle". Labrusse and Turpin were sentenced because they were the instruments of the "defeatists", the men "who wanted to sell Algeria to the Arabs". Democracy in France always walks a slender tightrope. Mendès-France's book is a reminder that the pursuit of freedom must be continuous and unremitting.

PAUL JOHNSON

An Academic's Apology

Debates with Historians By PIETER GEYL. *Batsford for Nijhoff.* 25*s.*

Use and Abuse of History. By PIETER GEYL. *Oxford: Yale.* 20*s.*

Why, asks Professor Geyl of Utrecht, do we study history at all?

First to enrich our civilisation "by the reanimation of old modes of existence and thought": if you will, a purely æsthetic pleasure. Secondly, to cultivate a certain kind of understanding which in its way may be as fruitful as the natural historian's understanding of the processes of the universe. And thirdly, to put our own world and its problems into perspective, so that we may regard them with greater patience and wisdom. These are conclusions which will command general agreement among university historians throughout Western Europe, if nowhere else. It has taken many generations to arrive at them; and Geyl, in the essays published in these two volumes, concentrates his attention on the people who have not reached them at all: on the

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2/6

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men who wittingly or unwittingly have made the study of history the slave of some political or social purpose, or who draw from it conclusions intellectually untenable and morally dangerous. We are led through a Rogues' Gallery, a Chamber of academic Horrors. There is Macaulay, whose attitude towards the past was that "of a schoolmaster putting it through an examination on questions which were often highly unfair to the candidate because they were so exclusively bound up with the examiner's range of interest and experience." There is Michelet, who swept into the gutter everything which had not in his view contributed to the triumph of the Revolution. There are Marx and Treitschke and their followers, using history as an armoury to serve a political cause; and finally there are the Giants Despair of the twentieth century, Spengler, Sorokin and Toynbee, with their vast, gloomy and bogus edifices integrating into a single depressing pattern the whole history of mankind. These are the abusers of history, and Geyl lays into them with a gusto all the more effective for his lucid argument and meticulous documentation. It takes him only four essays to reduce Toynbee's megalomaniac structure to a pile of glittering antiquarian rubble.

It is all enormous fun to watch. But what of the defence? Where does the debate come in? Most of the men under attack cannot answer, and no reply of Toynbee's is printed. If they could, they might point out from Geyl's own very fair admissions that the line between use and abuse is sometimes a difficult one to draw. The system-builders, from Hegel to Toynbee, selected facts from history to prove an *a priori* thesis, and presented subjective works of art as objective statements of fact. But the old positivist belief in the possibility of a truly scientific and objective history is no longer held even by the most fanatical members of the Institute of Historical Research. Schemes of collective research now abound, but they cannot take the place of history: at best they transfer information from archives to libraries and so make history easier to write. From that information even the purest academic, once he starts to write history proper, must select, and his selection must be determined by conscious or unconscious *a priori* assumptions about what is relevant to his theme. But he can at least be candid. The gravamen of Geyl's charge against Toynbee is not that he makes sense of the past: it is that to do so he resorts to quite ludicrous distortions, selecting evidence to conform to his views and ignoring all that does not. The abuse of history in fact lies less often in the motives of the historian than in his methods. It was after all the most honourable loyalties and affections which led Cardinal Gasquet to attempt the vindication of the monastic orders against the charges of Protestant historians; the formidable Coulton may have been inspired merely by acrimonious anti-Popish spite; but Coulton was an honest scholar, and Gasquet, one is forced to conclude, was not.

But there is another plea which Geyl's adversaries might make. It is one frequently brought against the academic historian, as it is brought against his colleague the academic philosopher: the very fact that he *is* academic, and not *engagé*; that he seems to exist in a vacuum, outside and above the conflict of beliefs, a dispassionate but sympathetic judge of events and of men. In fact he is not outside history but part of it. In trying to be neutral he is taking a side, and his judgments of events react on the events themselves. Has he, for example, no responsibility for the history to be taught in schools and retailed to the general public, at a level where it is bound to be taught with some bias? Has he not a role to play in shaping and educating the national mind? Seeley and Corbett thought so; so perhaps did the Hammonds and the Coles. If the historian disdains his Platonic function of shaping good myths, will he not be leaving a clear field for people who will shape bad? Or, worse, will he not by his example inculcate *too* wide a tolerance, too sympathetic an understanding of every side of every conflict, a sophistication paralysing action? Perhaps von Ranke was guilty of this. By abstaining from all moral censure, by confining himself to describing and explaining, he made possible the belief that the only criterion in history is success, the only virtue power. For him, as for Hegel, the real was the rational. If the historian regards it as his function not to make moral judgments but simply to accept and to explain, how can history ever be a guide to action? And if it is not to be a guide to action, why should it be studied at all?

Thus argued activists in the nineteenth century, from Marx to Nietzsche—that it was the function of the historian, as of the philosopher, not simply to understand the world but to change it; and the cry still echoes from the ranks of their enemies as well as from their disciples. The study of history, they claim, should be made to serve the cause of Patriotism, or of Socialism, or of the Catholic Church, or of the democratic way of life. To these demands there are two answers. First, look what happens when it does. Is the work of Treitschke really to be taken as a model? Have the arthritic muscles of our academics really got to go through the acrobatic distortions forced on their unfortunate Marxist colleagues? The events of the last fifty years should have given ample demonstration that the scholar cannot, without abdicating his entire *raison d'être*, be guided by any standards except those arising from his own discipline. But that does not mean that his role is a purely passive one. The second answer is, that to understand the world *is* to change it. The historian no less than the artist is a creator. Through his selection and interpretation he creates our awareness of the past; and through that awareness we attain a sharper consciousness of our own nature and that of the society to which we belong. It is his function, not to create useful myth, but to contribute to that knowledge of the world and of ourselves which is the only genuine guide to judgment and thus to action; not to make us clever for next time, as Burckhardt once said, but to make us wise for ever. It is only by the academic disciplines, by detailed scholarship, hard thinking and meticulous intellectual honesty that this can be done. That is the answer given with such noble clarity by Professor Geyl.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Pops

Seven Centuries of Popular Song. By REGINALD NETTEL. *Phœnix House.* 25*s.*

Songs heard being sweeter than songs read, why not a Presentation LP Set of *Pops Through the Ages* with an informed and entertaining commentary by Mr. Nettel? In cold print it's hard to raise a tear, even for *Wapping Old Stairs* ("A ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it"—Thackeray). But imagine and rehearse alone what Enrico Caruso or Madame Foster Jenkins would have made of it. Note the pathos of the "too" in the last line.

> Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more priz'd?
> For the heart that is true should ne'er be despised.
> Then be constant and kind nor your Molly forsake
> Still your trousers I'll wash and your grog, too, I'll make.

Mr. Nettel is dealing in this latest of his socio-musical studies with the urban ballads of England. The town mouse being no singing bird, these ditties have scarcely been the envy of the world, at least not for the past century and a half. The exceptions are the unprintable, a kind escaping, by being outside its limits, the decline in taste. No one expects pops to make good poems any more, especially now that American taste seems to have sunk to the English level.

Placing songs firmly against their social background, Mr. Nettel has selected his material well and makes his points nicely. Like Mr. E. S. Turner, he is an aid to easy erudition. Do you know the origins of *Home Sweet Home*? Or that a horde of "buffoons, tumblers, fiddlers and their women" frightened the Welsh into flight at Rhuddlan in 1212? Occasionally Mr. Nettel is a little too discursive. He devotes two

pages to a description of the "Jazz Bands" of industrial South Wales although they have contributed not one single line to popular song, and writes about them as if they were in the same street as New Orleans jazz and blues-singing. But this last one can excuse since history and not criticism is the aim here, a distinction Mr. Nettel bravely observes in the face of temptation, not to say provocation.

Any gramophone company caring to take up the LP suggestion will find, among the many excellent illustrations here, one ready-made for the sleeve. Thomas Augustine Arne is singing a catch in his cups with a couple of friends. Someone has spilled a drink on the table. The fat friend is giving the thin friend a nasty look out of the corner of his eye. The thin friend is staring ferociously at Arne, who meets the wild eyes calmly. Whoever's got it wrong, he's certain it isn't him. Anyone who has spent any time at all harmonising at public-house tables will suffer a shock of recognition.

W. JOHN MORGAN

New Novels

All Honourable Men. By DAVID KARP. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Jamie is My Heart's Desire. By ALFRED CHESTER. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Secret River. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The Climate of Guilt. By FREDA MORRISON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

There is no use in fastening our safety belts: to read Mr. Karp's overwhelmingly sure novel means setting out for a rough and terrifying ride. He leaves us no protection against moral shake-downs—which is partly why his book is such a good one—and yet he really saves his audience from being beaten to a jelly.

This is how it happens: Dr. Burney—so generous a liberal that he feels he must aid the conservatives—agrees to head a right-wing Institute for American Studies. Throughout the book most things will be evaluated in terms of "guts" (a new metaphor for heart), and soon Burney is stricken with malaise. For the Institute's Board insists on investigating the political past of each candidate. And when the dim little economist Dr. Ness pleads to withdraw his candidacy, Burney urges him to stay put: if Ness is innocent, then the suspicious charges against him should be explored and hence completely cleared. What could seem fairer at the start? But as someone later remarks: "You know what they say about good intentions and hell."

For here the earth splits open, the infernal is exposed, and the flames consume many who are merely standing by. That's the point: no one can remain a bystander: "We're all public men these days. . . . The private man is suspect." First, there is "unevaluated material" in the F.B.I. files: an unbalanced woman has accused Ness of Communism and the mere fact of her charge *is* on record. Secondly, Ness is nearly broken by the discovery that his daughter has actually been a Communist—so the Institute cries that the sins of the children must be visited on the fathers. From here on, the Institute converts itself to a sewer: dredging up some real personal or political filth, throwing it at many relatively clear consciences. No one is innocent—of anything. The situation brings out the worst in most people; Mr. Karp slams suspicion into our minds at every turn: we fear that even the characters we trust most may be lying. There's fearful justice in the principle of the boomerang. Not (and this is paradoxically important) that the ethics of Communism itself are at stake. And though we sense that death must be a partial outcome, by this time despair could demolish any one of a number.

So we are grateful to the compassionate Burney: the man who first touched the switch, who still tries to keep his hands upon the levers. "His own instincts had urged him to fight, but it was not fair to fight at the expense of the lives of others." But he will—as the book ends—still hold out against the Board. He knows that this is the quixotic war against windmills which no one has ever won. He knows that "what's right today is wrong tomorrow": that the glaring relativity of decades makes it nearly impossible for the past to enlighten the present. But Burney's blazing courage brings the novel to a positive conclusion. Mr. Karp deals stunning justice to all Americans who, though not Communists themselves, have hated the treatment of those in question. To read his book as an American is to be shaken and shocked but not permitted pessimism, to experience all the horror of committing oneself, to shrink from taking a stand, and yet to learn for sure that a stand must be taken. "What we think and what we do are two different things," says Burney at the beginning, and he is punished for it. Rousing characterisation, comedy which never subsides to mere satire, and some electric single-act scenes—all carry this *cri de cœur* into the awful realm of the living.

Through Mr. Chester's fine first novel we may welcome a Harry who *doesn't* see the spooks that others do: whose crisis is as convincing as his distress. Throughout his life, Harry has been revolted by mystery; he loathes interpretation and his cat's name is Kitty. An undertaker's assistant, he has always regarded death as a minor—if stupid—physical fact. But one day he comes to a candlelit room where people surround the dying boy Jamie: in a quasi-queasy-religious atmosphere, injections, prayers, and tears are spent on (Harry thinks) an empty davenport.

When the invisible boy does die, Harry's agony begins: now he knows that there's something behind the veil, yet he still can't see that the veil itself exists. Mr. Chester has the magic strength to command our sympathy, to make us share Harry's personal desperation as it mounts

'WHAT I want the reader to realise is that a *colonial situation* is created, so to speak, the very instant a white man, even if he is alone, appears in the midst of a tribe, even if it is independent, so long as he is thought to be rich and powerful or merely immune to the local forces of magic, and so long as he derives from his position, even though only in his most secret self, a feeling of his own superiority',

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and mingles with genuine grief for Jamie. Here is something to admire: an imagination which flees the symbolic until all images become devastatingly, irretrievably, alive.

Mr. Kitchin's characters are blameless in murmuring "It's all the fault of the Labour Government"—they are children of the Twenties being dragged through later eras not upholstered to their taste. This gentle and enjoyable novel uses the development of one young girl as a threading-string for graduated periods. Whether in Bayswater, Sussex, or the Riviera, at the Exhibition or during the General Strike, Mr. Kitchin has us soaking up milieu. His people are less satisfactory while coping with wars or private crises, but it's a privilege to share their pleasures.

Mrs. Morrison's novel highlights a woman who achieves emotional maturity by murdering a man she barely knows. Tempting as it sounds, this isn't a valid solution for the qualms of self-confidence. Drury Curtin has been passively unhappy with her husband; when she accidentally kills a disgusting admirer, she wins the strength to leave home. Aches all broken in one basket, she enjoys furnishing her new flat until an innocent man is accused of her crime. Then she confesses to the (now acquitted) innocent, and they fall in love. Mrs. Morrison writes with a certain sweet precision. But her book fails as an amphibian: it's not interesting as a thriller, can't be read as a romance; as a psychological field-day, there are losses on all sides: motives and reactions seem distastefully untrue. A cheap sham-ironic ending attempts to plant the novel on a serious level where it hardly belongs, so it cannot be recommended as entertainment.

NORA SAYRE

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The JUNE issue includes articles on "Green—the Stuff of Life" (R. Bridger) Vedic Tradition and Buddha, Plea for Browning, Grace Plunkett (R. M. Fox), The Santals, Logic of Mind and Logic of Heart, Book Reviews, etc.

London Office: 62 QUEEN'S GARDENS, W.2. (PAD 0688)

Week-end Competition

No. 1,376

Set by Buzfuz

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night . . ."
The sage of Persia thus began to write
His thesis that since living makes no sense,
We might as well get elegantly tight!

So goes the "Busy Man's *Rubaiyat*" by H. S. Mackintosh. Competitors are invited to compose a Busy Man's *Hiawatha, Faerie Queene, Waste Land, Ballad of Reading Gaol*, or *Paradise Lost* —using, of course, the form of the original. Limit 12 lines; entries by July 24.

Result of No. 1,373

Set by M. P. Brutus

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a speech made shortly after the death of Nero, Jenghiz Khan, Henry VIII, Cromwell, Louis XIV or Robespierre, denouncing the personality cult.

Report

"On principle," J. R. Till opened his attack on Nero, "there is nothing inherently wrong in assassinating your wife and mother and in causing the dismemberment of ranting dissenters." Such blandness, such show of open-mindedness, was the exception: competitors took more readily to straightforward denunciation which they discharged with admirable virtuosity in French and Latin (no less than four entries) as well as English. Nice touches came from D. R. Peddy—"From being a good Party man, Lucius Domitius degenerated into a good Orgy man"—and D. T. Weissbort—"Jenghiz had great power, but remember the Gods are in Nature and not amongst men." Prize-money to be divided between Trooper Jones, A. M. Sayers, H. A. C. Evans, Apple Tree (though morally disqualified by the last words of his covering letter, "Your friend as you reward me") and Alberick. Commended: Bryan Ellis, Guy Kendall, M. R. C. Lovell, Aurea Rolfe, D. R. Peddy, J. R. Till, Amy Hollins and Annie Allen, Eileen M. Haggitt.

NERO

. . . Unfortunately, with the death of Annaeus Seneca, Nero ceased to play a positive role in our society. Immured within his "Golden House," with the sycophantic and bird-brained Tigellinus acting as a buffer between him and responsible members of the senate, Nero developed into a capricious tyrant. (*Sensation*) Our good friend Sylvius Otho may shake his head but it is well known that the greater part of his dealings with Nero were confined to private negotiations concerning a certain lady whom, we are given to understand, died in childbirth. (*Laughter*) Nor was the sphere of sport and culture safe from this self-styled arbiter of the Arts. The character-building blood-sports of our forebears were superseded by degenerate Greekish operas and foot-races. We may hope that Marshal Galba's prompt action in decimating an entire legion of dissidents will call a halt to the decadence and effeminacy of the old regime . . .

TROOPER JONES

Nero . . . suicide . . . self-condemned . . . scandalous private life . . . blood bath . . . reckless incendiary . . . tyrant . . . monstrous extravagance . . . ridiculous artistic pretensions . . . crowd of sycophants . . . deluded populace . . . lunatic egoism . . . new era . . . never again . . .

A. M. SAYERS

EX ORATIONE DE NERONE

Quid aliud, Quirites, de illa peste, de illo monstro infando, de illo homine impio et scelerato? Cuius vitia ut di ulciscantur nunc poscunt urbis etiam lapides; cuius scelerum testis est Britannicus, quem veneno interemit; testis mater Agrippina, quam interficiendam curavit; testis Octavia, coniunx infelix, quam primo repudiavit deinde morte affecit; testis Poppaea, uxor secunda, quae ut necaretur ille effecit; immo vero testis urbs ipsa, quam insanus incendit; testis etiam Christiani quibus culpam illius rei attribuit. Vos omnes quidem bene scitis illum honores poetae cilicet fidicsinisque coram publico sibi identidem arrogare. Quis vestrum contumaciam talem unquam audivit, ridendam vero nisi fuisset omnino perniciosa. Damnetur igitur ille, O di immortales, cuius animus ad tantam insolentiam motus sit ut credat se esse singulare quiddam, vel divinum, quippe quod non possit peccare. Quantum, Quirites, potest superbia, ut ita dicam, suadere malorum!

H. A. C. EVANS

HENRY VIII

(*His Grace of Somerset speaking privily to the Council*) . . . His late Majesty dissolved, wherein we commend him, the treasonous monasteries; yet herein we commend him not, that in despoiling them he tended rather his own glory than the general good of the nobles and better part of this realm; who must pay in his Court of Augmentations, and so augment him. He, whereas, seized incontinent gold, gems, plate and broidered cloths, for his pomp and the adorning his wives.

Wives, say I? Two were not lawfully so; two, though lawful, were lawless and died for it. A fifth, mother to our gracious liege King Edward, ended strangely. Never, indeed, was monarch so wived, to so little purpose, his present Majesty being a sickly child; and for the two wenches, one is a papist, the other a prankish girl, fit but to wed some stark man for her better ordering. Yet what matter, so King Henry had his pleasure?

APPLE TREE

Sir Thomas Browne denounces the cult of Oliver Cromwell.

That familiar aphorism, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, though as Plutarch saith, it was by Solon enacted as a Law, must in the corruption of these times be taken in a soft and flexible sense. For, to speak my soul, I am perswaded that during the late unhappy confusions tyranny did hang upon the vainglorious insolence and ferity of one man. I would not be thought to decrie that Divinity which is the circumstantial glory of Kings; yet am I bold to say that it inheres in the Office of the Lord's Anointed, and standeth not in the Person of any Prince. That the Multitude should accord to one in the same level with themselves not only the power of government, with the vain title of Lord Protector, but in truth a *cultus* that wanted but little of that homage due to their ubiquitary Creator alone, is a Blasphemy against Heaven and doth prophane the Wisdom of the ages . . .

ALBERICK

City Lights

All Aboard the Mayflower

Mr. Basil Mavroleon runs London and Overseas Freighters and is a friend of Mr. Clore —unless his feelings have cooled since Mr. Clore's Furness Shipbuilding got him to withdraw his order for a couple of tankers and leave room for it to handle a large American contract. At the moment he is leading the movement to turn Bermuda into the British shipowners' Liberia with a new tanker company, registered and managed there, and jointly controlled by his own firm and a group of financial houses.

Shell have had a tanker subsidiary in Bermuda for some time; they have now been joined there by the Blue Star line, as well as by Mr. Mavroleon, and a number of the larger shipping lines have been making inquiries at the Treasury. Bermuda taxes are low, and companies resident there (in the technical Inland Revenue sense) are not liable to U.K. tax on profits until they are remitted to this country. There are two things—plus a hard core of convenience and sentiment—which prevent the larger companies from establishing themselves in Bermuda at once. One is the fact that existing assets can only be transferred abroad if the Treasury allows it, the other that there are obvious difficulties in putting complete control of an overseas subsidiary into the hands of an independent management.

Mr. Clore had nothing to do with the Robinson & Cleaver affair and nobody took very much notice of it. Nor, of course, can it really be compared with the recent goings-on in Scottish Motor Traction. But the two transactions, one on the front page, one on the back, were going on at very much the same time, and the directors themselves must sometimes have felt uneasily conscious of the coincidence.

The shares had been gradually rising for some time as a result of vague rumours of a bid. The Robinson & Cleaver directors were, in fact, approached in the middle of June by a well-known firm of merchant bankers with an offer of £5 apiece for the shares, on behalf of clients whose name they preferred to keep to themselves for the time being. The offer, on the face of it, was a good one, but the directors refused to consider it until they knew the name of the bidder, and went about their business. The timing of this business was unfortunate. It was on a Friday that a shocked City and a mildly interested public read of what the SMT board had done to Mr. Clore; it was on the Monday following that the directors of Robinson & Cleaver announced that they had sold the Crown Lease of their Regent Street property and released it from the purchaser.

This deal, it appears, had been arranged for some time but it clearly affected the calculations of the bidder—now known to be a substantial property company, which presumably reckoned that the Regent Street store was taking up more expensive space than its business called for. The merchant bank decided to repeat its offer, but only on condition that it was given full details about the sale of the lease. Unlike Mr. Clore, however, this bidder had not had time to turn himself into a majority shareholder, and the Board, quite within its rights, flatly refused to give him any details at all. He was left anxiously wondering whether or not it was the same company he was bidding for, and whether it was too risky to approach the shareholders directly.

The Board has not made it easier for him to make up his mind. It has gone on to announce that an unspecified part of the unspecified sum raised by selling its Regent Street lease has been used to buy up a large Newcastle store and a site next door to it. "This," it adds, "is the first project to be completed of those in hand for expansion of business and profits by the employment of assets previously immobilised in property."

The shares have gone down again and the bidder has decided to get his offer passed on to shareholders after all.

The Treasury has held back its refinancing proposals and kept the gilt-edged market weak for a long time. Was it waiting for something to turn up? Or digging around for as many of the maturing War Bonds as it could find? The straightforward plan now put forward is something of an anticlimax after many weeks of imaginative speculation. Holders of the maturing bonds—and £400m of them are thought to be still held by the public—are offered conversion into a 4½ per cent. 1962 stock, with 30s. in cash to put the price in line with the market.

Companies will certainly not convert. Either they want the money or they want a capital profit on it: Treasury bills or short-dated bonds at a discount are more in their line. Discount houses and insurance companies will not be interested in the new stock: it is too long-dated for the one, too short for the other. But the banks, in theory, should jump at it.

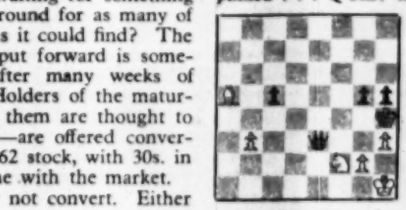
The authorities presumably hope to offset the inflationary effect of cash repayments either by re-selling their own part of the conversion issue to the banks or by feeding out to industrial investors the short-dated bonds to which they are so partial. But the latest operation has not made the future course of monetary tactics any clearer.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 348. Blessing of Studies

One reason why, much to the dismay of our problem-addicts, this column favours endgame-studies, is their practical value for the player. Put the White K on h1, a White R on d2, a White P on c2; the Black K on h8, the Black Q on g8. White to win. This may well be a most instructive little endgame-study, but it actually happened in a recent Budapest match-game, Asztalos-Ban. Obviously, by (1) R-R2 ch White can get the Q for his R, but the question is how to force the ensuing ending. If Black were to play . . . K-Kt2 another R-check, followed by R x Q would win easily enough as White could force the "opposition." But Black played . . . Q-R2, and now if White took the Q at once he could never win. But Asztalos played (2) K-Kt2! thereby making sure of the "distant opposition" soon to be converted into a routine win. Now look at this position, (Jung-Szabados, Venice 1952), in which White by means of (1) B x Kt went in for what seemed a most ingenious combination; the sequel being . . . R x R (2) Q x R ch!! (B-B6 ch?), K x Q (3) B-B6 ch, P-Kt4 (4) B-B3! Now, since the Q must guard the square e1 as well as keep the KtP pinned . . . Q-KB7 was forced and after (5) B-K5! Black might as well have resigned. He just tried to exploit White's extreme time pressure by . . . Q-Kt8 ch (6) K x Q, P-Kt5 (7) B-B6 ch, K-Kt6 (8) B-K5 ch, K-R5 (9) P-B4, P-Kt6 (10) B-B6 ch, K-Kt5 (11) B-Kt5, resigns. An ingenious combination indeed and most creditable to its author, but the probability is that he was greatly helped by the knowledge of quite a few famous endgame-studies dealing with precisely the same theme. As likely as not he was aware of a classic, published by H. Cordes decades ago. Here it is, with (1) B-B7 as the key-move. Since after . . . Q x Kt (2) K-R2 would be unanswerable, Black must try . . . Q-K8 ch (2) K-R2, Q x Kt. But now (3) B-Q6 provides the same sort of *zugzwang*, . . . Q-B5 ch being countered by (4) P-Kt3 ch.

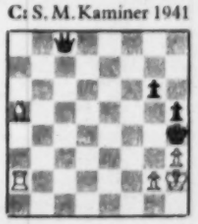


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White tamely played B-B1 and ultimately lost. How could he have forced the win at once? **B** and **C**, both wins for White, should be bargains for 6 and 7 points, being both classics and very much in tune with this week's theme-song. Usual prizes. Entries by July 23.

A: Bieri—Fuhrmann 1955

B: Henri Rinck 1934

C: S. M. Kaminer 1941



REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

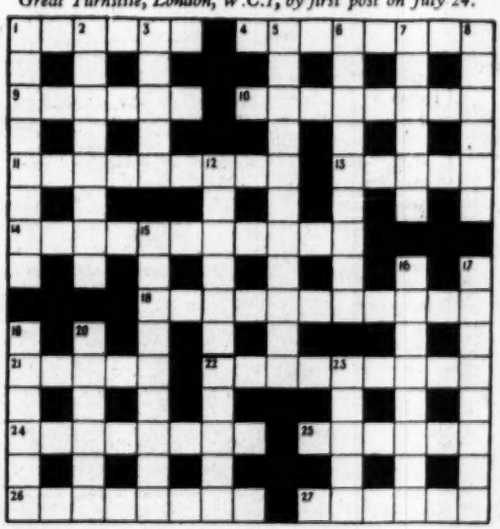
No. 345. Set June 23

A: (1) Kt x KtP, Kt x B; (2) Kt-K7 ch, etc.
B: (1) R-QKt8, K x P; (2) R x R, K-Q3!; (3) R-Kt6 ch, K-Q2; (4) R-Kt7 ch, K-B1; (5) R-Kt5, etc.
if (2) . . . P–Q; (3) R-QB5 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . R-QR4 ch; (2) K x R, K x P; (3) R-Kt4!, P–Q; (4) R-B4 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-R7 ch, K-Kt5; (2) P-Kt7, R-QKt3; (3) K-Q4! (K-Q5?), R-Q3 ch; (4) K-K5, R-QKt3; (5) R-R1, K-B6; (6) R-B1 ch, K-Kt7; (7) R-B7, K-Kt6; (8) K-Q5, K-Kt5; (9) R-B1!, K-Rt6; (10) R-R1 ch, K-Kt7; (11) R-R7, K-Kt6; (12) K-B5, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, M. A. Anderson, B. Hayden, J. M. Reid. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 207

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 207, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 24.



ACROSS

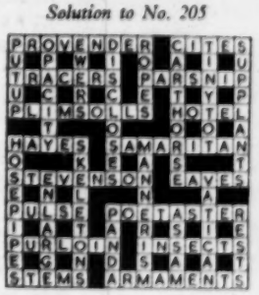
1. A Roman Catholic and honorary magistrate (6).
4. General for the war house? (8).
9. My characteristics are the opposite of what I am in the beginning (6).
10. Worship and chant about it for a sprinkling (8).
11. A lover makes a country half scared (9).
13. "It is the nature of all greatness not to be ——" (Burke) (5).
14. Bird with grotesque movement and lecherous look following a distinguished man (11).
18. Clerk liberal with the dilution of his writing material (11).
21. "*Partir, c'est mourir un peu*" (5).
22. Member of a fraternity to liberate relatives (9).
24. Proper advertisement concocted for a sweet (8).
25. How a newspaper may be laid out for floor-covering (6).
26. Streams which make a fissure in mountains (8).
27. Pretender discoverable among the menials (6).

DOWN

1. Product of workmanship broken after the process (8).
2. Gossip for a newscaster (8).
3. Eye for a work quoted if looked up (5).
5. Put the names in order, with high marks coming above stupidity (11).
6. Cower in confusion below the mark; it is frightening (9).
7. Creature which is an upside down layer (6).
8. The member had dinner for the ambassador (6).
12. Alternative seaside place for cross-channel operations (6, 5).
15. In place of martyrdom one's chance on the pool is reversed (9).
16. Peter includes a choral ode (8).
17. Period of paternal confusion (8).
19. Reprimand because the vehicle runs over an animal (6).
20. Famous mountain within the climbing border in an upper region (6).
23. A coloured person, I wander up (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 205



PROVENDER CITES
UPWIND AIDU
TRACERS PARSNIP
UCRCE TYP
PLIMSOLLS HOTEL
T O O A
MAYES SAMARITAN
O KE AS T
STEVENSON EAYES
ENL N A
PULSE POETASTER
IAT A RS IE
PURLOIN INSECTS
EGN D S A T
STEMS ARMAMENTS

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 205

A. Matheson (Inverness), H. J. Bostock (Stafford), T. N. Riley (Windermere).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for appointment as Programme Assistant in its Arabic Service in London. Essential qualifications: (1) first class Classical Arabic written and spoken; (2) high level of general culture; (3) ability to translate quickly, accurately and with good style from English into Arabic, news bulletins, talks and features on wide variety of subjects; (4) ability to read acceptably at microphone. Radio and writing experience an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to pass translation and voice tests. Appointment for three years (with possible extension) at a fixed salary of £860 per annum (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional). Prospect of promotion during engagement. Requests for application forms (enclosing an addressed envelope and quoting reference "1913, N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C. Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within seven days.

B.B.C. requires Reporter for News Division in London with wide general knowledge current affairs, good news sense, journalistic experience and ability to write accurate concise reports for bulletins, and to broadcast own reports in News Talks programmes and Television News. Staff experience (newspaper or B.B.C.) as Reporter additional qualifications. Preferred age 25-45. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1921 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

ENGINEERS needed as Teachers. The expansion of technical education is calling for many more technical teachers. Qualified teacher status can be obtained by attending a ten-month course (from September to June) at one of the technical teacher training colleges. Courses starting next September include courses of training as full-time Teachers of all types of Engineering and Allied Subjects in technical colleges, and, at Huddersfield College, Teachers of Science and Mathematics. Bolton College still has vacancies in a course for Teachers of Mining subjects. Recognised students pay no fees and may receive maintenance grants. The colleges offer residence in attractive hostels with full social amenities. Applicants should possess qualifications such as the Higher National Certificate or Full Technological Certificate of the City and Guilds of London Institute in the various branches of engineering, together with suitable experience in industry, or hold a University degree or professional qualification, or, for the course in mining, a Colliery Surveyors Certificate or special qualification in Collier Electrical or Collier Mechanical Engineering. Write to the Principal (E/33) of one of these colleges for further particulars: Bolton Training College, Manchester Road, Bolton; Gatnett College, 83 New Kent Road, London, S.E.1; Huddersfield Training College, Queen Street South, Huddersfield. (1342)

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for engagement, as vacancies occur, as Child Welfare Officers. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work associated with deprived children. Salary, £599 5s.—£775 10s. In addition, applications are invited for a limited number of positions of Assistant Child Welfare Officers. Salary, £528 15s. (slightly less if under 24 years)—£669 15s. Applicants for this position should be academically qualified for social work but previous experience is not essential. Training will be given with prospects of promotion, to grade of child welfare officer. A panel of selected applicants for positions in both grades will be maintained, and vacancies offered when available. Full details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1318), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Please state grade applied for. Closing date July 31, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. County Planning Department. Planning Assistant A.P.T.D. II (£595—£675). Applications invited for above superannuable post at Colchester. The successful applicant will be required to undertake duties in connection with the written, statistical and analytical work necessary in the formulation and review of development plans, and candidates should have had experience in carrying out these duties. Consideration will also be given to University Graduates with no specific experience in these duties. Application forms from County Planning Adviser, Broomfield Place, Broomfield, Chelmsford, returnable by July 28, 1956. Canvassing disqualifies.

EDUCATED man under 35 wanted to supervise backward boys aged 11 to 14 years, and teach them games, some crafts and minor repair work to buildings, estate, etc. Artistic or musical abilities highly desirable. Someone who combines manual ability with a university education and wide interests in social work and children can expect early promotion to a well paid and responsible position. Own room, full board and school holidays. Apply to Salmon's Cross (Rudolf Steiner) School, Holmbury House, Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey.

SHORTHAND Typist required by Trade Union office to train as secretarial assistant to industrial officer engaged on important negotiating work. Ideal conditions and wages, 5-day week, superannuation. Details to Gen. Sec., A.S.S.E.T., Sutton Hse., 2/4 Homerton High St., E.9. AMH. 4792.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancy: Economist: Department of the Federal Prime Minister and Cabinet office. Applications are invited from candidates with at least a good Second in Economics and who have had experience in an economic advisory capacity, or in lecturing in Economics, for the post of Economist in the Economic Section of the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet Office in Salisbury. The person appointed will work as Deputy to the Senior Economist who is head of the Section. The duties of the Economic Section include advice to the Government on economic questions, development planning, and the preparation of memoranda on these and other allied topics. The conditions of the appointment, which may be on contract for a minimum period of two years, with prospects, thereafter, of permanent, pensionable employment, or on probation for permanent pensionable employment, will depend on the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Applications, which should be submitted in duplicate, should accordingly include present emoluments, in addition to details with regard to age, marital status, nationality, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, and should reach the Federal Public Service Attaché, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than July 31.

AN additional writer (male) is wanted by leading pharmaceutical manufacturers in their London Office, to prepare copy and advertising campaigns directed to the medical and allied professions in this country and overseas. Applicants should enjoy clear English prose and be able to write it to order; should have read widely to satisfy an omnivorous curiosity; should be able to put broad principles into practice in painstaking detail; and should enjoy solving a changing diversity of problems. Agency experience or a knowledge of medicine or pharmacy is not necessarily an advantage. Applicants should have completed their period of National Service and a University degree, though not essential, would be an advantage.—Apply, giving age and full details of educational background and previous experience, if any, to Box 6037.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably trained and experienced men and women for the post of Leader to the North Lowestoft Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises. The Leader would be considered for appointment as Warden to the combined Youth Club and Evening Institute. Living accommodation on the club premises. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Teachers. Application forms and further particulars obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Borough Education Officer, 49 High Street, Lowestoft, to whom completed applications must be submitted by July 23, 1956.

DISTRESSED Gentlefolk's Aid Association. The Association will, in the near future, require a Trained Lady Case Worker to succeed Mrs. H. R. Bromley Davenport, who has for many years been our Case and Welfare Secretary. Applicants must be of good education and background and must possess qualities of tact and understanding, and a sympathetic approach to human problems. Several years' experience in social welfare work among gentlepeople is essential. Salary £650 per annum. Applications in writing with full details and testimonials should be sent to: General Secretary, 10 Knaresborough Place, London, S.W.5.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require Organiser to develop Adult Education with trade unions and other working-class bodies. Experience in Adult Education and knowledge of Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary £550 to £650. Application forms from S. Church, Sec., 28 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

PADDOCK Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Required for September, qualified teacher (young lady), between age of 23-35, accustomed to teach English. English History to the G.C.E. (both) level and also to teach English and foreign girls to the Cambridge Proficiency and lower examinations. Good salary offered, plus board and residence, in return for residential duties. Week-end and off-duty times arranged as per rota. Scholastic year of 36 weeks. Apply Principal.

SOCIAL Service team with great freedom of action (and therefore much work and responsibility) want another recruit: must be able to do own typing. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. State starting salary needed. Electrical Industries Benevolent Assocn., 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London S.W.1.

BEDE House Settlement, Bermondsey. Warden required in September to direct and develop social activities among adults and young people. Training and wide experience in social work essential. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. Residential accommodation for a single person. Applications to B. M. Ranft, The Manor House, Croom's Hill, London, S.E.10.

ASSISTANT Warden required for rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men. Commencing salary £4 10s. per week, live in, all found. Apply S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

NON-resident exp. Speech Therapist reqd. Aug., Adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply: Warden, Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Rd., Croydon, Addiscombe 2310.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, S.W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (Female) required. Experience with both adults and children desirable. Applications from experienced social workers not holding Mental Health Certificate will be considered. N.H.S. salary scale according to experience plus London Weighting. Post vacant September 1. Hospital may be visited by appointment. VIC. 8161, extn. 325. Applications as soon as possible naming 2 refs. to House Governor.

WELFARE Workers' team, overworking in harmony, require one more to share the load. Progressive approach. Able to compose effective letters and to type them. Own staff know of this vacancy. Applicants should give all relevant particulars, including present salary and starting salary expected. Electrical Industries Benevolent Assocn., 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Librarian (female) required in the Autumn, 1956. Salary according to age and experience, but within the scale £260 × 24—£500. 5-day week. Staff Canteen. Pension scheme. Apply in writing only to the Deputy Secretary, The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, 12 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

WOULD anyone able to teach Mathematics up to General Certificate standard, and possibly having young children to educate, care to consider a post in Cumberland, Sept., '56 or Jan., '57? Resident. In lovely country and with excellent living conditions. Apply, initially, to The Headmistress, Fyling Hall, Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire.

NEIGHBOURHOOD Worker (man or woman), with special responsibility adult group work; must be good mixer, with initiative and interest in individuals. Particulars: Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

ASSISTANT to Production Manager (either sex) required in large publishing office. 'Phone GULliver 6016.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted for September in boarding house of sixty boys at public school; resident. Apply: Mrs. Wright, Aldenham School, Elstree, Herts.

YOUNG lady reqd. co-op. with puppeteer to run estab. touring marionette theatre. High artistic standards. Acting abil., versatile voice, stamina & enthus. essen. Theatrical exp. desirable. Rationalist, libertarian, pacifist outlook recommendations. Caravan accom. Write giving full qualifications. Box 5781.

GENERAL Manager wanted by Unity Theatre. Apply Secretary, 1 Goldington St., N.W.1. Closing date July 16.

GRAD. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Sept. Girls' tutorial estab. morns. 12 wk. terms. French, G.C.E. Maths. helpful. Box 5665.

EDITORIAL Assistant (female) for monthly trade paper. Fleet Street area. Shorthand-typin.; essential. Some secretarial duties. Age, experience and salary to Box 5856.

FREE-lance Pitman's Shorthand or Bookkeeping mistress required, occasional relief work, London College, S.W.7. Congenial, friendly atmosphere. Box 5981.

PART-time sales promoter to bookshops, toyshops reqd. by publisher of children's educational materials & games. Pref. someone doing same or similar work. Box 6054.

NOTTINGHAM and Nottinghamshire Council for the Welfare of the Physically Handicapped. (Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948.) Appointment of Part-time Secretary. Applications are invited for the part-time post of Organising Secretary, salary £250-£350 according to qualifications, experience and hours of work, with travelling expenses. Further information from Hon. Secretary, W. A. Richardson, Esq., A.C.A., 7 College St., Nottingham.

LONDON Director of large engineering firm requires mature personal secretary. Expert Typist essential. Interesting post, good salary, five-day week. Apply Box 6084.

INTELLIGENT woman for prof. office, to handle enqs., type own correspon.; knowl. chemistry useful. £500. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

TRAVEL Agency requires shorthand-typist, mornings or afternoons. Monday-Friday. £5 p.w. Now till mid-Sept. Box 6023.

GIRL 16-17 reqd. for interesting & unus. typing job, S.W.1 area. Box 5976.

CAPABLE secretary with shorthand typing & ability to translate from written German reqd. in Research Department of Company 40 mls. Lond. Sal. £600 p.a. Box 6027.

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EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

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WOMAN (N.U.J.), expd. all editorial work sks. addit. regular freelance or part-time work. Feature writing, reporting or edit journal. Has specialised lay medical subjects, social services, child welfare. Box 6015.

SOLICITOR, 27, seeks interesting position preferably with artistic or cultural environment, London area. Box 6107.

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MENTAL Health Research Fund Fellowship. Applications are invited for Mental Health Research Fund Fellowships from suitably qualified persons wishing to pursue full-time research work on problems bearing on mental health, whether in clinical psychiatry or in one of its supporting sciences. Both senior and junior fellowships are offered in the salary ranges of £700-£1,200 and £1,300-£2,000 (inclusive of superannuation). The appointments will be for up to three years in the first instance. Further information from the Secretary, Mental Health Research Fund, 43 Queen Anne Street, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"SOCIALISM and Nationalisation"—Hugh Gaitskell, 2s. 2d. post free, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CONTENTS of July "Plebs." "What is Automation," by George Thomason; "Automation—The Unions," by Fred Lee, M.P.; "Report on Automation," by Graham Horsman; "An American View on Automation," by Don Slaiman; "Industrial Law," by W. L. Taylor; "The N.C.L.C. Invades Blackpool," Pars from the press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year, from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"SOCIALISM and Civil Liberty" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.); "Checking the Scales of Justice" (John Elton); both these important articles in the July Labour Monthly. Also: "Thirty-Five Years" (R.P.D.); "Britain's Shame in Cyprus" (R. Page Arnot); "Curious but Familiar" (Sancho Panza); "The English Revolution 1640" (V. Lavrovsky and M. Barg), and "Effects of Machinery" (Karl Marx). 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. half-yearly sub., from N.S., 134, Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

RESEARCH Communications 7: incl. "The Unsolved Problems of Modern Psychology." 5s. (Assocs. 2s. 6d.) from Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

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UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

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MIDDLE-aged Continental woman teacher seeks unfurn./semi-furn. room with congenial family, offers rent, part-time help children, some cooking. SHE. 5658.

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PERSONAL

CANDIDATE for Part II Cambridge University Maths. Tripos, living in London area, seeks coaching from a graduate during vacation. 'Phone TER. 6124.

PROFESSIONAL woman with varied exp. progressively journalism to TV features production, seeks work concentrating some aspect visual arts where practical approach, discrimination useful, e.g., interior design, display, with opportunity learn. Box 6058.

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WESTON light meter for sale. New & in perfect condition. £7 10s. Box 6110.

ELDERLY lady offers bed-sit. Enfield in exch. some companionship. Box 6071.

HAPPY country home offered for schoolboy's summer holidays, companion own son (Public School); brothers considered; no colour bar. Mrs. H. M. Slade, 9 Edith Road, London, W.14.

FOREIGN girl student reqd. au pair, teacher's family, Aug. School mornings. Pocket money 30s. p.w. Box 5972.

SPAIN—seat reqd. in car leaving end July/early Aug. Share exps. Fluent Spanish, willing act interpreter/guide. Box 6076.

COUPLE and son going Rome early August to early Sept. seek seats in car. Can accommodate 2 in pleasant flat Rome. Costs by arrangement Box 6088.

MOTORIST (m.) offers compan. (m.) cheap lift in M.G. France, Spain. Box 5869.

HUSBAND, wife, 2 suitcases, interested trip Spain by car (share expenses) start August. GLA. 9697 or Box 5989.

SOLITUDE and a piano wanted two weeks September. Box 6005.

GERMAN girl, 17, wishes stay with family from Sept. one year. Care children, housework. Pays travel. Details friends London. Box 6085.

LONDON International Week, July 21-28. Join an international party in London. Special arrangements for sight-seeing, theatre visits, excursions. Inclusive costs £12. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

AU Pair. German students avail. from Aug. until end of Oct. Mrs. Sigler's Domestic Agency, 7 Cecil Rd., N.14. ENT. 4594.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

SPAIN. Villas, flats & hotels in Malaga (Torremolinos, etc.) & Costa Brava. Parties leave London every Sunday, or join one of our special flights. Ferro, 59 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6. GRO. 8441 (day), MAI. 5111 (evening).

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PERSONAL—continued

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ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

IRVING WHI. 8657. Comm. July 17. Evs. 8 p.m. Sun. 7 p.m. Ernestine Costa "Glove, Necklace & Gun." Ludmila Mlada, Colin Paterick. Diseuse, Dancers. Mems.

PARK Lane Theatre, 45 Park Lane, W.1. "Summer & Smoke" by Tennessee Williams. July 18-22, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. & 5s. from Keith Prowse. (Sunday, members only GRO. 7711.)

"THE Enchanted Island"; shortened version of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," with music & Masque by Purcell. 8.45 p.m., July 14 & 16-21. In garden of 31 Frognal, N.W.3. Tkts. 4s.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 15: The Seven Samurai (X). From July 16: Max Ophuls' Le Plaisir (X).

RÖXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. July 15, 6 days. Umberto D. A. Brother Orchid A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sat., July 14: "Them!" (X). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

2 New Soviet Films! "Twelfth Night" and "Bulganin & Khrushchev in Britain." 7.30, Tues., July 31, Scala Theatre, W.1. Tckts. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d.

RUMANIAN Folk Dance Ensemble of 25 dancers and musicians here for one night only. Reception after competing at Llangollen International Festival. First visit to Britain. Come and greet them. Holborn Assembly Hall. Off Theobalds Road, Tues. July 17 at 7.30. Refreshments avail. Ent. 2s. 6d. B.R.F.A., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., July 14, 8-11 p.m. "At Home" Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Members 3s. Guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings

CONCERTS

THE choristers of Ely Cathedral with the male voices of the Renaissance Singers. (Director Michael Howard.) Saturday, July 14, at 3 p.m., at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church. Harmonia Sacra, Viadana; Mozart; Palestrina. Ralph Downes, organ. Day Mc-Ausland, Soprano; Marta Eitler, violin.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Roderic Barrett. Paintings by Derek Cawthorne.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

CHARLES Howard: Paintings & Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Suns. 2-6, closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paul Klee. Until July 21.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent Paintings by Modern Scottish Artists, July 4-July 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Pictures of the 19th & 20th Century; recent paintings by Frederick Franck, And some Rodin Bronzes.

PHOTOGRAPHY by E. Locker, A.R.P.S., L. Goodman. New Vision Centre, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, July 3-21.

GERMAN Books. Exhibition of the finest examples of book production in the G.D.R., July 2-Sept. 15. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

SOHO Gallery, 18 Soho Square. Exhibition of colour reproductions of paintings by Picasso. Week-days 10-6, Saturdays 10-12. Open until July 21.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, incl. "The Battle of Hastings." Until Aug. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CRAFTS Centre of Great Britain. Exhibition of Pottery Figures by Marion Morris at 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W.1, until July 21. Monday to Friday 10-5, Saturday 10-12.30. Admission free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. Giacomo Guardi—Views of Venice. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Until July 31.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Valadon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. New addtns. Prints. Piper, Bawden, Evans, Trevelyan, Rothenstein, &c. From July 10.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters. 11-6 daily.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANEURIN Bevan, M.P., Will Griffiths, M.P., Joseph Grimond, M.P., Benn Levy & J. B. Priestley will launch the "Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers," at Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.30, Wed., July 18. Adm. free; res. seats 6d. by post Stanley Mayne, 28 Broadway, S.W.1.

JOHN Freeman speaks on "Behind the Curtain," an I.S.S.S. meeting, July 19, 7 p.m., Friends House, Euston Road.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., July 18, 7.30. "National Financial Policy": Harold Wilson, M.P., 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Visitors 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., July 17, 8.15 p.m. Lecture & Readings: "Japanese Impressions," with musical recordings by D. J. Enright. Chairman: Hugh Gordon Porteous. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Wed., July 18, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "Art & Theory," by Richard Wollheim. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Mrs. Pankhurst's birthday. Sat., July 14, 2.15 p.m. Statue, Victoria Tower Gardens, Westminster, 3.15 p.m. Caxton Hall. Adm.. free.

BUDDHIST Society. Public Lecture at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed., July 18, 7 p.m. (following the A.G.M. at 6.30—members only!). "The Significance of Buddha Jayanti to the Western World," Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly (special Buddha Jayanti issue now on sale, 3s. 6d.). Our temporary address is 58 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Inf. MAI. 4987 (2-5.30). You can still book for our Summer Schl. at Hoddesdon 31.8-6.9.56.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., July 13 at 8. Special close of season mtg. T. Braikevitch (soprano); (songs by Tchaikowsky, Cui, etc.) D. Trbovitch (piano) (Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Khatchaturian). Club reopens Sept. 14.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, July 15, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. J. Hutton Hynd: The Buddha, 2,500th Anniversary.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, 6 p.m. July 21. A. V. P. Elliott: How to Learn a Language.

W. E. SWINTON, Ph.D., "St. Swithin." July 15, 1956. 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

"OSTEOPATHY and the 'Slipped Disc'" S. Webster-Jones. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon. July 16, 7.30. Adm. 2s. Members 1s. London Natural Health Society.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, July 15, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse Rev. G. P. T. Paget King "The Earth Shall Rise on New Foundations."

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, July 19. "Yoga of Psychic Control." Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, August 18-Sept. 1. Brian Abel-Smith, Austen Albu, Thomas Balogh, Arthur Blenkinsop, Margaret Cole, C. A. R. Crosland, David Eversley, Edward Hyams, Douglas Jay, Norman MacKenzie, Hilary Marquand, John Parker, R. S. W. Pollard, C. F. Powell, Barbara Wootton. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Summer programme now fully booked. Autumn programme (including courses on Geology, Portrait Painting, Music, Education) shortly available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

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